



The Sketch

[No connection whatsoever with the "Daily Sketch."]

Hundreds of Letters from Doctors

testify to the good effects that follow the use of DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA in cases of Gout, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Acidity of the Stomach, Heartburn, Indigestion, Sour Eructations, Bilious Affections. Such letters are constantly being received by the proprietors of

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA. ABSOLUTELY SAFE

Recommended by doctors for over 100 years as the safest and most effective aperient for regular use.

Solid or Powdered Magnesia should on no account be used, as it is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels. There is no such danger with Dinneford's Magnesia.

SAFEGUARD YOUR HEALTH

by insisting on Dinneford's Magnesia.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on bottle and label.

Price 1/3 and 2/9 per bottle.

Established
1769

GORDON'S "LONDON DRY GIN."

Established
1769

Awarded Diploma for Grand Prize, Japan-British Exhibition, 1910, and San Francisco, 1915

GORDON'S DRY GIN CO., LTD.
THE DISTILLERY: LONDON, ENGLAND.

Something quite new in fine flannels.

You ought to know how good it is; the free pattern booklet will show you.

May we send it?

Wm. Hollins & Co., Ltd.,
Spinners and Manufacturers.

Hollins Ramada Flannel

PURE WOOL

A dainty fabric, yet so woven as to be very durable.
A softer finish than anything yet attained.
The neat stripes are woven in.
It is guaranteed unshrinkable.

24, 25 & 26, Newgate St.,
London, E.C.1

The SUPER Brand Spinet SMOKING MIXTURE

Embodies 145 years' experience. also in 2 oz., 4 oz. & 8 oz. enamelled tins.
Guaranteed Pure & free from scent.
1/1 per oz.

CINZANO VERMOUTH TURIN

Not too sweet Not too Dry

F.J. ANDERSON & CO. WHOLESALE AGENTS FOR U.K. 13 COOPERS ROW, LONDON, E.C.3

Stagg & Mantle Ltd

Established over 100 Years

ANNUAL STOCKTAKING SALE

NOW PROCEEDING



WS 2114—Hand-knitted Artificial Silk Jumper, new dropstitch pattern. In shades of saxe, grey, putty, white, fuchsia, black. **Sale Price 59/11**

Illustrated
Sale
Catalogue
sent
post free.



WS 2118—Newest shape Knitted Woollen Jumper, finished with sash round hips (as sketch). In shades of rose/grey, putty/lemon, nigger/putty, putty/nigger, saxe/champagne, jade/putty, grey/amethyst. **Sale Price 12/11**

LEICESTER SQUARE, LONDON, W.C. 2

Its fastness is impregnable

NOTHING you can do—with the exception of complete destruction of the fabric—can have the remotest effect upon the lustrous blackness of Hawley-dyed Black Stockings or Socks.

The dye is immovable and retains its brilliant dense blackness to the end.

The name 'Hawley's' stamped on every pair guarantees this.

Comfortable, smart, hygienic, and economical, Hawley-dyed Black Hose hold the lead in hosiery fashion.



THE DEEPEST DYE

Hawley's Hygienic Black

British Dye

FOR STOCKINGS & SOCKS
in all MAKES & MATERIALS

Sole Dyers (to the Trade only)

A. E. HAWLEY & CO. Ltd.
Hosiery Dyers, Bleachers and Finishers,
Sketchley Dye Works, Hinckley, Eng.

Q 12

Always look for
the name 'Hawley's'

Obtainable from all leading
drapers and outfitters.



22/6 Per Pair.

Pure Cévennes Silk Stockings in black or white, finely woven, and with open or embroidered clox.

22/6 Per Pair.

Rich pure Silk Stockings, in either black or white, of which pattern is similar to a very fine herring-bone.

These are especially recommended for afternoon wear, walking, tennis and golf.

To receive a Sample Pair, send cheque to

S. LEFEBURE

5, FBG. ST. HONORÉ, PARIS VIII^e

We have also a large stock of Underwear, comprising Chemises, Knickers, Combinations, special Knickers for Riding, etc.

Cupid's touch

The William's
Evan HENNA SHAMPOO
BRIGHTENS
and
BEAUTIFIES
used by PRETTY WOMEN
all over the WORLD.

Followed by the Chaventré method of
PERMANENT WAVING—the result gives
unique charm and distinction.

Chaventré 289, Oxford St.
W.1.



THE SKETCH



REGISTERED AS A NEWSPAPER FOR TRANSMISSION IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND TO CANADA AND NEWFOUNDLAND BY MAGAZINE POST.

No. 1510—Vol. CXVII.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 4, 1922.

ONE SHILLING.



THE LORD HIGH CHANCELLOR AT ST. MORITZ : LORD BIRKENHEAD SKATING WITH MISS MONA DUNN.

Viscount Birkenhead, the Lord High Chancellor, has been enjoying winter sports at St. Moritz. He is keen on all athletic exercises, and is shown

on the rink, skating with Miss Mona Dunn, the eldest daughter of Sir James Dunn, first Baronet, of Bathurst, New Brunswick, Canada.

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALFIERI, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."



Motley Notes

By KEBLE HOWARD ("Chicot.")



"INVEST ME IN MY MOTLEY - GIVE ME LEAVE TO SPEAK MY MIND."

A Little Music for Durban.

I like to see the Colonies (or Free States, if you prefer the term) waking up and striking out in matters of Art. Where your treasure is, there should your Art be also. The Colonies are reputed to be very rich—far richer, proportionately, than the Old Country. It is for the Colonies, therefore, to foster the Arts which the Old Country is inclined to shove aside.

Durban, in Natal, has realised this. The Cape is not very flourishing at the moment, I understand; but Durban is anxious for a little good music when the cares and labours of the day are over. And Durban is right. Nothing like a little good music—except a little good dramatic writing and a little good acting.

After all, there are upwards of 60,000 people in Durban, at least half of whom are white. (For all I know to the contrary, two-thirds may be white. These books of reference have a way of getting out of date.)

Durban does a large trade—three millions sterling in exports, and seven millions imports per annum. It has parks and perfectly lovely gardens; in fact, Natal is known as the Garden Colony of South Africa.

All they need in Durban to make life complete—with the exception of the dramatic luxuries above mentioned—is a little really good music. So they sent to England and secured a first-class musical director. He is part of the seven millions of imports.

The Piper's Little Bill.

Durban is now suffering from a slight shock. The Musical Director has presented his report to the General Purposes Committee. The report seems to have staggered the General Purposes Committee. They will have to trek up country on a tour of recuperation.

The report deals first with the military band-stand on the beach. It says that this band-stand—once the pride, no doubt, of the General Purposes Committee—is an absurdity. An absurdity, mind you. The report says, further, that the absence of Winter Gardens is "deplorable and must be remedied."

"Well, well!" ejaculated the General Purposes Committee. "And how much ought we to spend on this Winter Garden?"

"Fifteen thousand pounds," came the pat answer.

"Thank you. Have you any further suggestions?"

"Oh, yes. I want thirty first-class players from the United Kingdom of Queen's Hall standard; that will cost you £13,500. Then

there will be £1000 for myself, and £1000 for the attendants, and £800 for advertisements and printing—oh, well, say £20,000 a year. We ought to get it all back from the public."

So the General Purposes Committee mopped its collective forehead and said "Yes."

A Lesson from Natal.

I hope this little story will strike home in the breasts of Town Councils and City Councils in the United Kingdom. Durban, in Natal, with a tiny population of 60,000, is prepared to spend £20,000 a year on good music. Brighton, with a population of a quarter of a million, has just disbanded its orchestra, and let its musical director go all the way to Durban! In Reading there are 75,000 people. I wonder if Reading is

Perhaps not. But why not? Is it because literature and acting call for a slight mental effort, whereas you can, and do, take your knitting to the music? Ah!

The Misunderstood.

"A few boys are really first-rate," said a headmaster recently, "and of these we shall probably hear more in the years to come. The vast majority are mediocre, and very strongly imbued with the appalling lethargy which seems a characteristic of the boyhood of England, except in large towns."

"When you discuss his intelligence," said another headmaster, speaking of the modern boy, "then I must admit that he is not the equal of his predecessor fifteen years ago."

As *The Sketch* is not read by schoolboys,

I venture to tell these gentlemen that they are wrong. When a headmaster says a boy is really first-rate, he means first-rate in the trick of getting stuff out of books and shoving it down on paper. In a word, taking scholarships and doing the school credit. But those are precisely the boys of whom you will not hear in the years to come, because they are other-men's-brains men. They may think they think, but their thoughts are the thoughts of those who have preceded them. Such thoughts do not advance the world. They keep it going in the same rut until the rut gets a little too deep, and then the poor old world has to be dug out by the fellows who never took a scholarship or earned pats on the back from a headmaster.



LORD BIRKENHEAD'S YOUNGER DAUGHTER ON THE SUVRETTE RINK:
THE HON. PAMELA SMITH.

The Hon. Pamela Smith is Lord and Lady Birkenhead's youngest child, and is now seven years old. Our photograph shows her skating on the Suvretta Rink at St. Moritz, where she has been winter sporting with her father.—[Photograph by Alfieri, exclusive to "The Sketch."]

prepared to spend £20,000 a year on a little good music? In Leeds there are half a million people. I was there recently, and I hunted high and low for the Winter Garden. As I told you in the report of my visit, the only light relief I could discover was the cemetery.

It is an odd thing, moreover, that in Great Britain, or in the British Colonies (I tremble in case that should be the wrong word these proud days), people will spend ten times as much money on music as on drama. Even enterprising Durban, I suppose, would rock with laughter at the idea of spending £20,000 a year on a small theatre with a stock company, putting up fresh, well-written plays and acting them well.

"My dear fellow," they would cry, "we should never get it back!"

speaking generally, that the most lethargic boy can be galvanised into a condition of the keenest interest by the man who knows how to do it.

Let me say a word for the boys, remembering my own schooldays. There is too much boredom in teaching. If boys are bored, that is the fault of the master. Here, on the one hand, you have a world teeming with romance; with marvels of science, with wonders of the past and present. On the other hand, you have a fertile mind, an inarticulate hunger and thirst for knowledge. And yet boys are bored stiff for five, six, or seven hours daily.

Something wrong, my masters. Even the Greek alphabet can be made as exciting as a play if you have the genius to arrest and hold the attention of your audience.

How to Dispel Lethargy.

As for this charge of appalling lethargy, I would undertake to say,

"The Man Who Stayed at Home" House-Party.



WITH THE SECRET WIRELESS APPARATUS: CHRISTOPHER BRENT (GEN. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT) AND MIRIAM (LADY [ARTHUR] STANLEY).



"THE MAN WHO STAYED AT HOME" GETS THE WHITE FEATHER: GENERAL BROMLEY-DAVENPORT AND THE HON. MRS. NORTON.



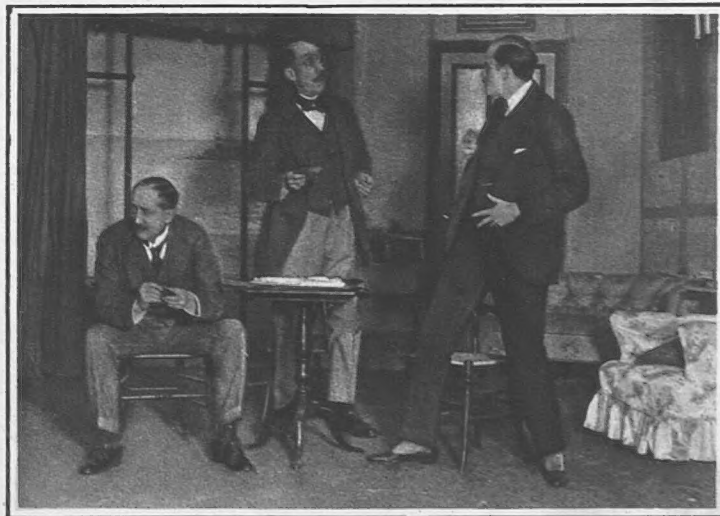
INCLUDING THE PRINCIPALS IN THE PLAY: THE HOUSE-PARTY AT CAPESTHORNE HALL.



CHRISTOPHER BRENT AND MOLLY PRESTON: GENERAL BROMLEY-DAVENPORT AND MISS K. KINLOCH.



MIRIAM (LADY [ARTHUR] STANLEY), CHRISTOPHER BRENT (GENERAL BROMLEY-DAVENPORT), AND MOLLY PRESTON (MISS K. KINLOCH).



CHRISTOPHER BRENT (GENERAL BROMLEY-DAVENPORT), MR. PRESTON (MR. A. H. BROMLEY-DAVENPORT) AND CARL SANDERSON (CAPTAIN NORTON).

"The Man Who Stayed at Home," the famous spy play which was produced at the Royalty in 1914, with Mr. Dennis Eadie in the leading rôle of Christopher Brent, was given by amateurs in the private theatre of Capesthorpe Hall, Chelford, Cheshire, the residence of General Bromley-

Davenport, C.M.G., D.S.O., etc., who took the chief rôle. Captain and the Hon. Mrs. Norton; Lady (Arthur) Stanley; Lady Beatrice Dawkins; Miss K. Kinloch; Mrs. A. Kinloch; General Bromley-Davenport, and Mr. W. Bromley-Davenport are among those shown in our group.

Photographs by Farrington Photo Co.

The Jottings of Jane; Being "Sunbeams out of Cucumbers."

WORDS may have no material existence—words like New, for instance, qualifying a division of time set for man's convenience into terms of days, weeks, months, and years.

But I thank whatever gods there be for the word New. It conjures up visions. All the old wrinkled days are over—the dishevelled days with their disappointments and disillusion. This week is like the first white pages of foolscap on which the impassioned

charged with arresting personality from beginning to end. Her presents to specially favoured friends not only are accompanied by little personal notes, but the actual inscription on the brown-paper wrapping or attached label is in her Majesty's own hand. Her choice of gifts is too well known to need comment—invariably the precise *objet d'art* that she believes will give most pleasure.

If it is her own photograph, it is framed in some beautiful reproduction of an antique made of brocade or other fabric, tortoiseshell or gold or silver, to harmonise with the privileged room for which it is intended. No detail of taste is forgotten. It is, indeed, the ideal way of present-giving, demonstrating the triple qualities necessary to the art—generosity or the joy of giving, sympathy or the sign of having studied your friend's taste, tact or the super-quality of combining most fortunately the first two.

Still Royal.

Other Royal letters I have read came from Princess Victoria. They are written in a large modern hand, with the "t's" boldly crossed. Like herself, they are warm-hearted and graciously worded. One memorable one I read during the war was charged with the human sympathy and understanding that only hearts of the highest can hold. She is the kind of woman who, had she not been born a princess, would undoubtedly still have known innumerable wonderful friendships. Her Royal Highness has such a subtle sense of humour and happy way of pointing out the fun in a situation. One of the most amusing stories I know is the one she tells of the London lunatic who, having cunningly found his way through the sacred precincts of Marlborough House, expressed his determination to eat a "Royal breakfast." Princess Victoria wondered whether he expected to find ambrosia or other ethereal edible instead of the savoury, if unspiritual bacon-and-eggs that he did smell, though authority forbade him more positively to consummate his ambition.

Family Parties.

Lord and Lady Londonderry had a large family party for the holidays, at Wynyard. It included Lord Chaplin, Lady Londonderry's father ("the Squire" of old hunting days in Leicestershire, where Mr. "Harry" Chaplin was one of the most popular members of several hunts), and also Lord and Lady Dufferin and Ava.

Another large family party was the one at Welbeck, where the Duke and Duchess of Portland surrounded themselves by numerous relations and friends, including, of course, their son and his wife and family, Lord and Lady Titchfield.

Lord and Lady Derby went to Knowsley earlier than usual, and were joined on Christmas Eve by the Dowager Lady Derby, Lady Isobel Gathorne-Hardy, and, of course, their daughter, Lady Victoria Bullock, who arrived with Captain Bullock and Sir Arthur Stanley.

At Raby Castle, however, the joy-making began a whole week before Christmas, when Lord and Lady Barnard assembled their family and friends to the christening of little Rosemary Myra, their baby daughter. The Bishop of Durham officiated, and there were three proud godmothers—Lady Exeter, Lady Enid Vane, and Mrs. Ralph Vane; while Major Guy Straker assumed sole responsibility for the child's spiritual welfare from the mere godfather's point of vantage.

Other parties were those of Lord and Lady Astor at Cliveden, their beautiful home at

Maidenhead; Lord and Lady Anglesey's at Plas-Newydd—which included Lord Anglesey's sister, Lady Pembroke. The Duke and Duchess of Wellington also had a family party at Newhurst Park, near Basingstoke; and in the same neighbourhood Lord and Lady Curzon of Kedleston entertained a Christmas party that was provided with a meet of the Hampshire Hounds at Hackwood on the last morning of the Old Year.

Dance and Cotillon.

Lady Cantelupe gave a delightful dance and cotillon on the 30th for children between twelve and seventy—quite the nicest kind of party. Her husband, Major-General George Jeffreys now holds the London Command—the most popular command in the Army, perhaps. He is one of the "pre-war gentlemen generals," as the soldiers call them, with the reverence for aristocracy which is so characteristic of Tommy Atkins. Curious in this democratic age how rank and breeding still make an irresistible appeal to the imagination! General Jeffreys is a Guardsman who served in the Nile Expedition, the South African War, and the Great War, where he won two brevets, the C.B., and the C.M.G., and was severely wounded. He married the widow of the last Lord Cantelupe, the sister of the well-known Godfrey Hesel-



GLADYS PETO.

1. Angela has now taken a little antique-shop, and is conducting a most successful business. During her lunch-time (11.45 till 3.15) the shop is minded by Kitten and Pussie, who don't know much about it, though Pussie reads up all about the chair that Kitten is endeavouring to sell to an antique enthusiast. . . .

poet begins to write the work that is to revolutionise literature.

All the old rejected manuscripts are in the waste-paper basket. This one will never be thrown there. This new one is bound to fulfil at last all the promise of fevered ambition. The certainty of it thrills the country roads with motor-cars full of people returning to workaday worlds where 1922 is written in gleaming colours across countless aspirations that never could have rejuvenesced but for the young year.

Princess Mary's Letters. The postmen walk with renewed energy, conscious of letters that almost fly of their own light-heartedness. Princess Mary's letters, for instance. Written in a clear, slanting hand similar to, but larger than, her Royal mother's; they are characteristic of the simple upbringing of all our Royal Family. "Harry and I admire it very much," or "Harry and I are delighted," writes her Royal Highness accepting presents from intimates.

The writing of the Queen is, without exception, the most beautiful I have seen out of eighteenth century monastic manuscripts. It is extremely straight and regular, and



GLADYS PETO.

2. . . . Who doesn't buy the chair after all. Kitten and Pussie, not knowing that people never buy things in antique-shops, are most distressed. Pussie is going to be really helpful now by firing at the legs of the chairs with an ancient pistol, and increasing their value (she imagines) with a few extra worm-holes.

tine, and of Mrs. Sofer Whitburn, of Addington Park, Maidstone, who is so well known in the hunting world of Leicestershire, and who,

with Constance Duchess of Westminster, ran the famous British hospital on the French Riviera during the war.

A Dinner for Royalty.

My London news is second-hand this week. I have heard only of a delightful dinner-party given by Lord and Lady Farquhar at Grosvenor Square for the ex-King and Queen of Portugal. Lord Farquhar, one of the most distinguished and charming courtiers of to-day, is receiving congratulations on his G.C.B. Lord Hardinge spent Christmas in Paris. So did the Aga Khan, Princesse de Polignac, and General Sir Charles Townshend.

Riccardi has finished a bust of Lady Ancaster, which is really beautiful. And now



3. But, unhappily, they shoot instead the ancient lady, returning—as they always do—to reconsider the chair.

he wants to do one of Lady Curzon of Kedleston, which, he says, would be his triumph. He is to do a bust or figure of the Lord Chancellor for the Law Courts, and possibly one of Lord Curzon.

Hunt Balls.

I hear that the Denbigh Hunt Ball was a great success, that dancing was kept up till the wee sma' hours, and that the jolly habit of having breakfast before the cold drive home was re-established.

And numerous parties are being made up for the Melton Hunt Ball, and all the other celebrated hunt balls.

Last Friday the Middleton Hunt Ball, at Settrington House, Lord Middleton's home near York, was, I hear, a most enjoyable if crowded one. And the Devon and Somerset Hunt Ball at Minehead, on the same night, was the chief attraction of the week in that neighbourhood. And on the 4th, the Market Hall, Redhill, is to be the glad scene of the Old Surrey and Burstow Hunt Ball. I would like to go to them all, but, alas! I haven't wings, and travelling these days is terrific. Invitations to country houses are suddenly more frequent than they have been for years, owing, probably, to the fact that, at Christmas and New Year, even servants become human and do not make difficulties.

The Riviera calls me too—Cannes, and Monte Carlo. And St. Moritz is trying to

lure me, and I have an invitation to Tangier, of all sunny places!

Cannes, with the Prime Minister at the Villa Valetta, and Lord Curzon of Kedleston, Mr. Winston Churchill, Sir Robert Horne, Sir Laming Worthington-Evans and the rest of them with their secretaries—Cannes makes an anachronism (I can't find a neater word) of the Supreme Council, and the Supreme Council make anarchy in Cannes—in hearts if not in deeds. For who goes there goes to get sunbeams out of cucumbers, not to learn international polity or sociology, or any other "ology" or "ism."

But I do envy anyone who wakes up at the Villa Valetta. It is one of the loveliest there, and used to belong to a German. Last year the Orr Lewises bought it from the French Government, and now it belongs to Sir Albert Stern, who has lent it to the Prime Minister.

In Sussex.

Mr. and Mrs. Austen Chamberlain had intended going to Tangier, but have had to change their plans now that Mr. Lloyd George has gone to Cannes, as the Leader of the House cannot be away from England at the same time as the Prime Minister. They have had a delightful time, however, at Twitt's Ghyll, their fourteenth-century place in Sussex.

It is an ideal setting for a family Christmas, with lovely old fireplaces and oak beams, and glorious views of the surrounding country from every window, and the loveliest of bog-gardens, and a running stream with masses of irises and other flowers on its banks.

Everyone is very pleased with the appointment of Lord Cavan as Chief of the Imperial General Staff, though it is a little surprising that an officer who had left the Army before the war should now reach so august a height.

Does this mean at last that red tape is not quite so imperious at the War Office, or that Lord Cavan's popularity has disentangled enough of it to establish a precedent? Like Lord French, who held the same appointment, Lord Cavan never passed the Staff College; and amongst regimental officers it is hoped that the gilded Staff who wear spectacles and use long words and know many theories will now learn much that is really practical from a fighting soldier.

Not that all soldiers did not greatly admire and respect the gifted Sir Henry Wilson—an example of super-Staff College officer unparalleled at the Staff College.

Swiss News.

A letter from Mürren speaks of sunshine, but skiing and bobbing had not yet begun. Above Mürren adept skiers find plenty of snow, and here, I expect, will be found Mr. Neville Lytton and his brother, Lord Lytton, and young Lord Knebworth, who have just arrived there. Mr. Donough O'Brien is another devoted visitor to Mürren; and this year Dame Katherine Furse is there, and Lady Armstrong is at the Palace Hotel, and Sir Claude Schuster.

In spite of the income tax, water rates, gas bills, and other grievous afflictions, St. Moritz is going to enjoy a more brilliant season than has been known for many winters. The Palace, Suvretta House, and the Kulm are already booked up, and even the Grand looks like being overcrowded.

Lady Ribblesdale with Miss Astor will be, as usual, at the Palace. Miss Astor, as well as being a clever skater, is a wonderful dancer. Last year she won the first prize in the valse competition held at the Palace carnival. Even the most hardened fox-trotter could not but help admiring this graceful performance. Lord Gort, although still very anxious about his mother, has also decided to go to St. Moritz early in the New Year. Lord and Lady Denman and their children, and lots of other interesting people will be there, including

Lord and Lady Beaverbrook (who have arrived) and Lady Rossmore, Lady Nunburnholme and her daughter, Miss Monica Wilson; Sir Archibald Mitchellson; and, of course, the political lions are the Lord Chancellor and Lady Birkenhead and their daughter, Miss Eleanor Smith.

By-the-bye, I hear there is a chance that Lord Lathom, who has lately been staying at Claridge's, will also pay St. Moritz a visit during the New Year. He is musical and artistic to a degree, but until lately has taken no marked interest in sport. Returning to St. Moritz—it's hard to leave it—I hear that Hanzelmann has now a rival. It would be hard to beat the cream-cakes and chocolate one finds at Hanzelmann's, but, on the other hand, this shop is often terribly crowded. Who has not, after an exciting run, arrived greedy and expectant at the village *pâtisserie*, only—alas!—to be sent empty away?

The Flight Abroad.

Many who would otherwise attend the hunt balls are deserting England. The Pytchley on Jan. 5 will be well attended, but after, people will flock to Switzerland, to the bohemian carnivals and Bataille des Fleurs at St. Moritz. It is truly a little piece of heaven in every sense of the word. The blue sky, purple mountains, the sun on the snow, the sound of the sleigh-bells and happy laughter make care seem very far away.

Winter sport reminds me of the news I got in a letter from Paris, for the Palais de Glace, which has been re-opened, is a great rendezvous for Society there, and was crowded with well-known people all Christmas week. What a tragedy it is that we have no ice in London, and that we must travel to Manchester if we want to practise our skating before leaving for winter sports further afield!

There were innumerable dances at Christmas-time in the French capital. Lady Millicent Hawes was a hostess one night. She



4. And Angela was most disturbed, on her return, to find her stock increased by one antique, slightly damaged.

and Colonel Hawes are immensely popular there, and their dance was a delightful affair.

The Hon. Diamond Hardinge, daughter of the British Ambassador, was one of the guests, as was also her cousin, the Hon. Ruby Hardinge, who is staying at the Embassy.

IRREPRESSIBLE JANE.

MÜRREN AND ST. MORITZ: SOCIETY



IN THE OPEN MIXED BOBSLEIGH RACE: THE HON. MONICA WILSON AT ST. MORITZ.



SKATING AT ST. MORITZ: MISS PEGGY LEWIS, DAUGHTER OF SIR GEORGE LEWIS.



IN THE BALLOON RACE AND



IN THE FANCY-SKATING COMPETITION: MISS R. S. SMITH AT ST. MORITZ.



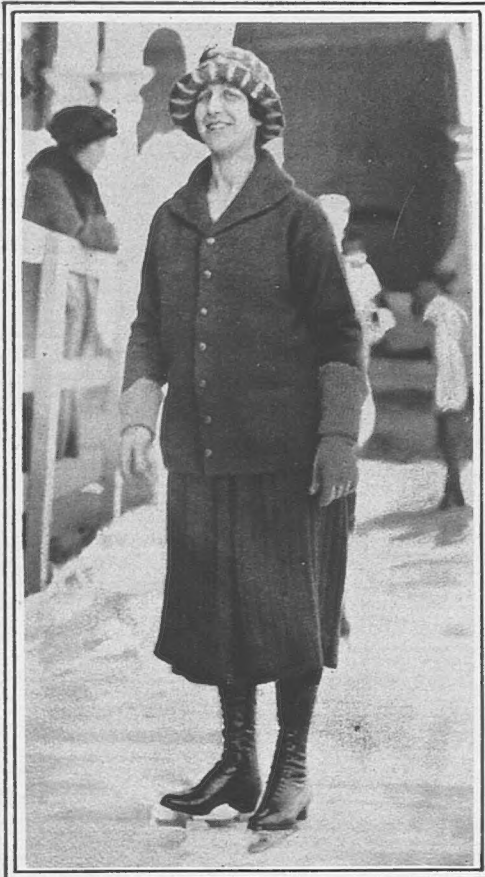
LORD BIRKENHEAD'S ELDER DAUGHTER AT ST. MORITZ THE HON. ELEANOR SMITH.

The Sports Committee at St. Moritz expect a good season, and a long list of sporting events has been published which includes the opening of the entire Cresta Run, to take place in the first week in February, and the Grand National on this famous run, fixed for the middle of that month. Lady Nunburnholme and her daughter, the Hon. Monica Wilson; Sir Archibald Mitchelson, Bt., and his wife and daughter; Lord and Lady Birkenhead with their daughters, the Hon. Eleanor and the Hon. Pamela Smith; Lord and Lady Beaverbrook; and Lady Lewis and Miss K.

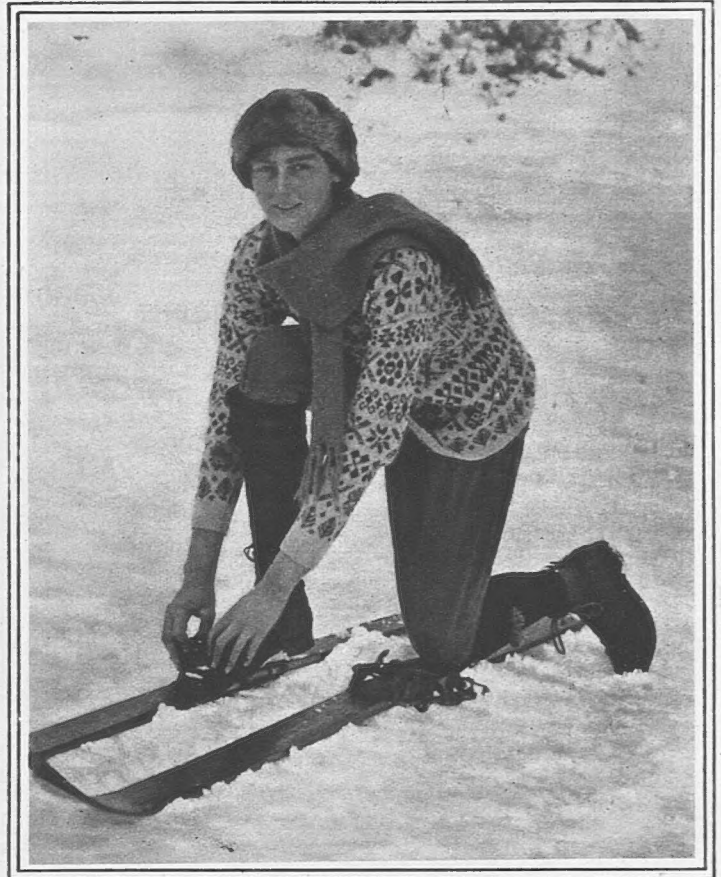
AT PLAY IN SNOW AND SUN.



ST. MORITZ : MISS LORNA
DEL VIOSCA.



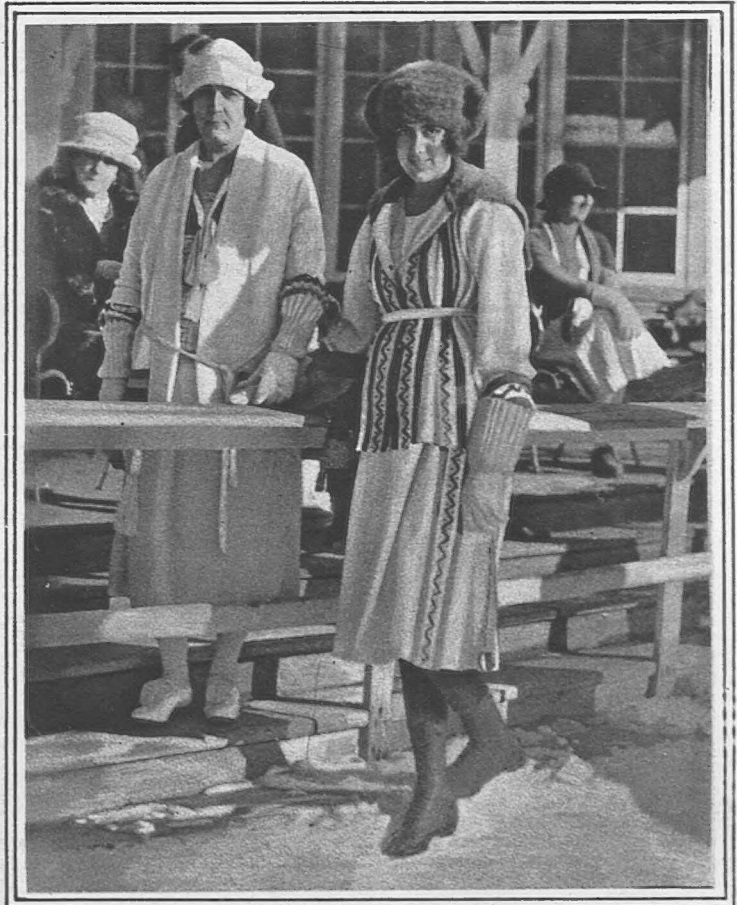
ON THE KULM RINK AT ST. MORITZ : LADY
CROSFIELD, WIFE OF SIR ARTHUR CROSFIELD.



A SKI ENTHUSIAST AT MÜRREN ; MISS SCHUSTER,
ONLY DAUGHTER OF SIR CLAUD SCHUSTER.



ON THE RINK AT ST. MORITZ : LORD BEAVERBROOK
AND MISS A. HARPER.

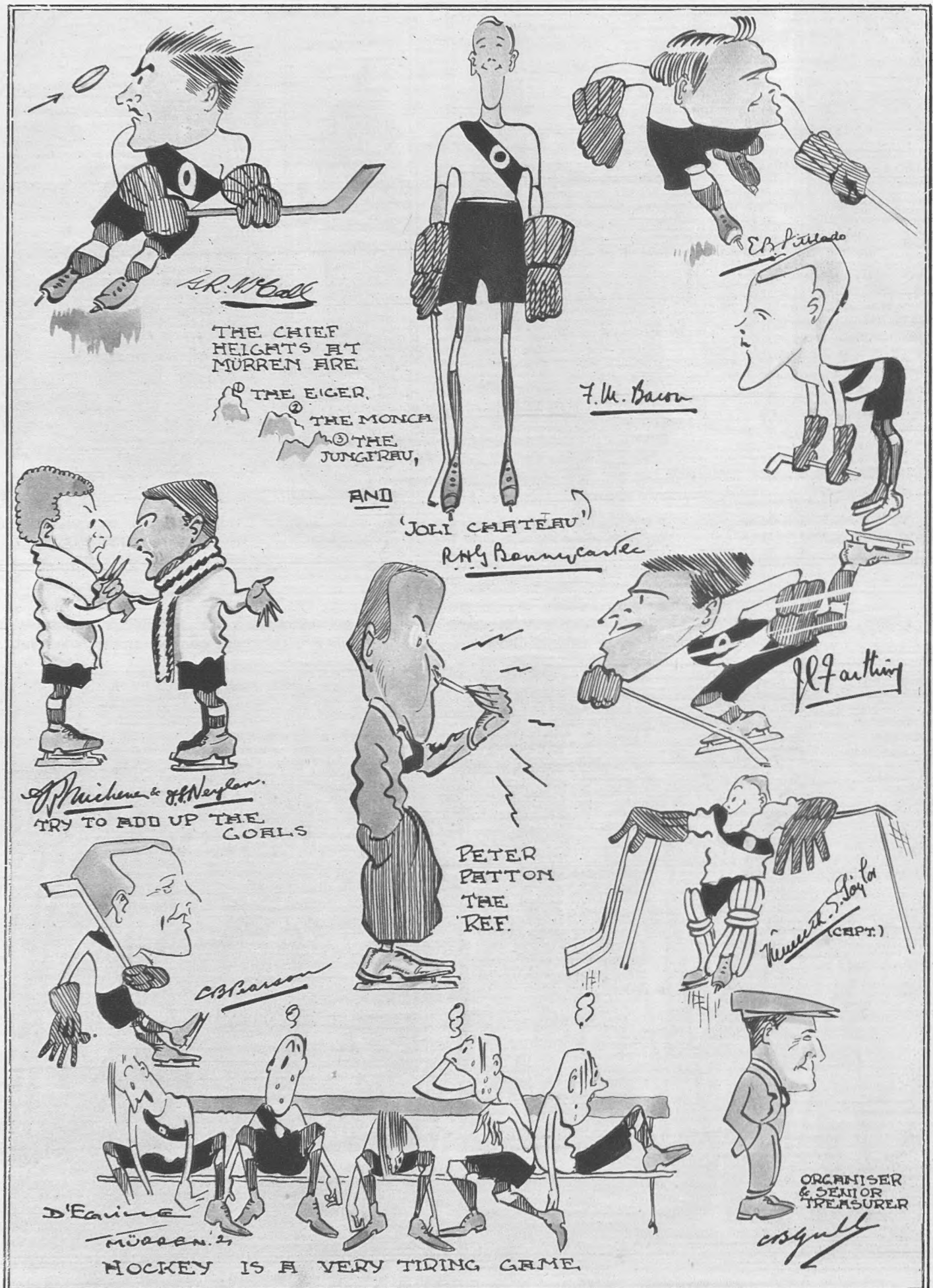


VISITORS AT ST. MORITZ : LADY MITCHELSON
AND HER DAUGHTER.

eggy Lewis are among the well-known people who are already at St. Moritz. Mürren is also full of Society folk, and has been enjoying a spell of glorious weather, though ski-ing and bobbing have as yet hardly come into their own. There is plenty of good ski-ing to be had a little above Mürren, but not for beginners, as there is hardly depth of suitable snow as yet to enable one to fall without doing oneself bodily harm! Sir Claud Schuster, K.C.B., C.V.O., K.C., is a recent arrival. He became the Clerk of the Crown in Chancery and Permanent Secretary to the Lord Chancellor in 1915.

CLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH."

Inter-'Varsity Ice-Hockey: The Victorious Dark Blues.



CARICATURES BY D'EGVILLE; AUTOGRAPHS BY THE "VICTIMS": THE OXFORD TEAM.

The Inter-Varsity ice-hockey match, held recently at Mürren, resulted in a victory for Oxford, who beat Cambridge by 27-0. Our page

shows the Dark Blue team, with the signature of each player under his caricature; as well as the organiser and treasurer, Mr. C. B. Gull.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY D'EGVILLE.

In Snow and Sun: Society Holiday-Makers.



GOLFING AT CANNES: MISS WARREN, DAUGHTER OF SIR NORCOT WARREN.



LAWN-TENNIS ENTHUSIASTS AT CANNES: C. READ, THE QUEEN'S CLUB "PRO.,"; MR. H. SIMOND, AND LORD ROCKSAVAGE (L. TO R.).



A FAMOUS ADMIRAL AT PLAY: LORD WESTER WEMYSS, G.C.B., C.M.G., ETC.



SKI-ING ENTHUSIASTS AT MÜRREN: A GROUP INCLUDING THE HON. MRS. HOPE MORLEY.

The Society exodus to the Riviera and Switzerland has now begun, as these photographs from the two winter playgrounds show. Golf and lawn-tennis are in full swing at Cannes. Lord Rocksavage, the well-known all-round sportsman, and son of the Marquess of Cholmondeley, is among those playing on the Cannes courts; Admiral Lord Wester Wemyss is in residence at his villa Montbriant, Cannes, and plays golf

regularly; and other well-known people are assembled on the Côte d'Azur. Mürren and other Swiss resorts are rapidly filling up with those who prefer sun combined with snow and winter sports. The Hon. Mrs. Hope Morley, who is seen starting off on a ski-ing expedition with some friends, is the daughter-in-law of Lord Hollenden, and daughter of the first Lord Burghclere. She is an intimate friend of Princess Mary.

Photographs Nos. 1, 2 and 3, by Navello; No. 4, by L.N.A.



MR. TUBBY EDLIN AS THE
KID AT THE NEW OXFORD.

PLAYS YOU MUST SEE.

"THE TRUTH ABOUT BLAYDS" (GLOBE).

A first-rate Pinero-esque play by A. A. Milne. The story of a Victorian poet's fraud. Brilliantly acted by Irene Vanbrugh, Norman McKinnel, and others.

"THE BEGGAR'S OPERA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

Mr. Gay's famous Operetta is presented in C. Lovat Fraser settings. Beautifully costumed, staged, and sung.

"A BILL OF DIVORCEMENT" (ST. MARTIN'S).

A triumph for Meggie Albanesi. A great play—presuming an Act allowing insanity to be a valid plea for divorce.

"AMBROSE APPLEJOHN'S ADVENTURE" (CRITERION).

Charles Hawtrey in perfection as his stage self and as a "tuppenny"-coloured, Skeltery pirate with "scummy" oaths.

"THE SIGN ON THE DOOR" (PLAY-HOUSE)

A Murder-Mystery Drama; and a magnificent piece of acting by Miss Gladys Cooper. Altogether a "gripping" play.

"THE FAITHFUL HEART" (COMEDY).

The story of a love affair; a career; and an unexpected daughter, who causes the Staff Colonel, her father, to go back to the Mercantile Marine as a Captain. A most convincing play.

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

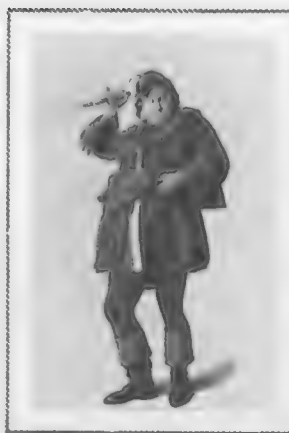
"THE BABES IN THE WOOD" (New Oxford).

The Dolly Sisters as the Babes; a number of other clever people, headed by A. W. Baskcomb; brilliant scenery, dresses, and spectacle.

"THE BLUE BIRD" (King's, HAMMERSMITH).

An excellent revival.

"PETER PAN" (St. James's).



MR. GEORGE HASSELL AS
CHARLIE AT THE OXFORD.



MR. HENRY A. LYTTON AS
SIR JOSEPH PORTER
IN "H.M.S. PINA-
FORE," AT THE
PRINCE'S.



ISOBEL IN
"THE TRUTH
ABOUT BLAYDS": MISS
IRENE VANBRUGH.

PLAYS EXCEPTIONALLY WORTH SEEING.

1. THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS (PRINCE'S).

Rupert D'Oyly Carte's Season; with all the favourites which have made Gilbert and Sullivan Opera a delight for so many years.

2. "WELCOME STRANGER" (LYRIC).

The un-"Welcome Stranger" provides a triumph for the Jewish Potash-and-Perlmutter comedian, Harry Green, who is both amusing and sympathetic. Mr. George Elton also excellent.

3. "BULL-DOG DRUMMOND" (WYNDHAM'S).

Described by Mr. Gerald du Maurier as a "Thick-Ear Play"—otherwise, hot-and-strong melodrama.

4. "THE FUN OF THE FAYRE" (LONDON PAVILION).

Mr. Cochran's latest revue. Spectacle, songs, dances; dresses charming and daring.

5. "THE CO-OPTIMISTS" (PALACE).

An amusing "Follyish" show, described as a Pierrotic entertainment.

6. "QUALITY STREET" (HAYMARKET).

Sir J. M. Barrie's most sugary play, charmingly presented, and well acted by Fay Compton, Mary Jerrold, Hilda Trevelyan, and Leon Quartermaine.

7. "THE SLEEPING PRINCESS" (ALHAMBRA).

Mr. Diaghileff's company of Russian dancers at its strongest, in a charming version of the old fairy-story with Tchaikovsky's music, which has taken since 1890 to get to London.

8. "SALLY" (WINTER GARDEN).

Musical comedy—mostly Leslie Henson, but with large doses of George Grossmith, Dorothy Dickson, and other clever people.

9. "WILL SHAKESPEARE" (SHAFTESBURY).

A mighty pretty entertainment, making free with famous names. Shakespeare; Kit Marlowe; the Virgin Queen; Ann Hathaway; Henslowe; and Mary Fitton, the Dark Lady of the Sonnets, figure in Clemence Dane's "Invention" at the Shaftesbury Will Shakespeare is "presented" as Kit Marlowe's rival in love.

10. "THE MAID OF THE MOUNTAINS" (DALY'S).

A welcome revival, with Miss José Collins at the head of the cast.

11. "POT LUCK!" (VAUDEVILLE).

A Cabaret Show, with Beatrice Lillie and Jack Hulbert excellent.

12. "BLOOD AND SAND" (NEW THEATRE).

A picturesque swagger adapted from Ibañez's novel, and with a happy domestic ending. Mr. Matheson Lang as the Matador hero—with pig-tail—Miss Lillah McCarthy as the alluring Doña Sol, Miss Florence Saunders as Rosario, Mr. W. F. Grant as El Nacional. Received with much enthusiasm and likely to allow Mr. Lang to grow a real queue, as he wishes!

CHRISTMAS ENTERTAINMENTS.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND" (Garrick); "JACK AND THE BEAN-STALK" (London Hippodrome), with George Robey and Clarence Mayne; "CINDERELLA" (Lyceum); "PUSS IN BOOTS" (Margaret Morris Theatre); "ALADDIN" (London Palladium); "THE WINDMILL MAN" (Victoria Palace).



MISS ELSIE GRIFFIN
AS JOSEPHINE IN
"H.M.S. PINAFORE,"
AT THE
PRINCE'S.



OLIVER BLAYDS IN
"THE TRUTH ABOUT
BLAYDS": MR. NORMAN
McKINNEL.



MISS JOYCE BARBOUR AS MAID MARION
IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

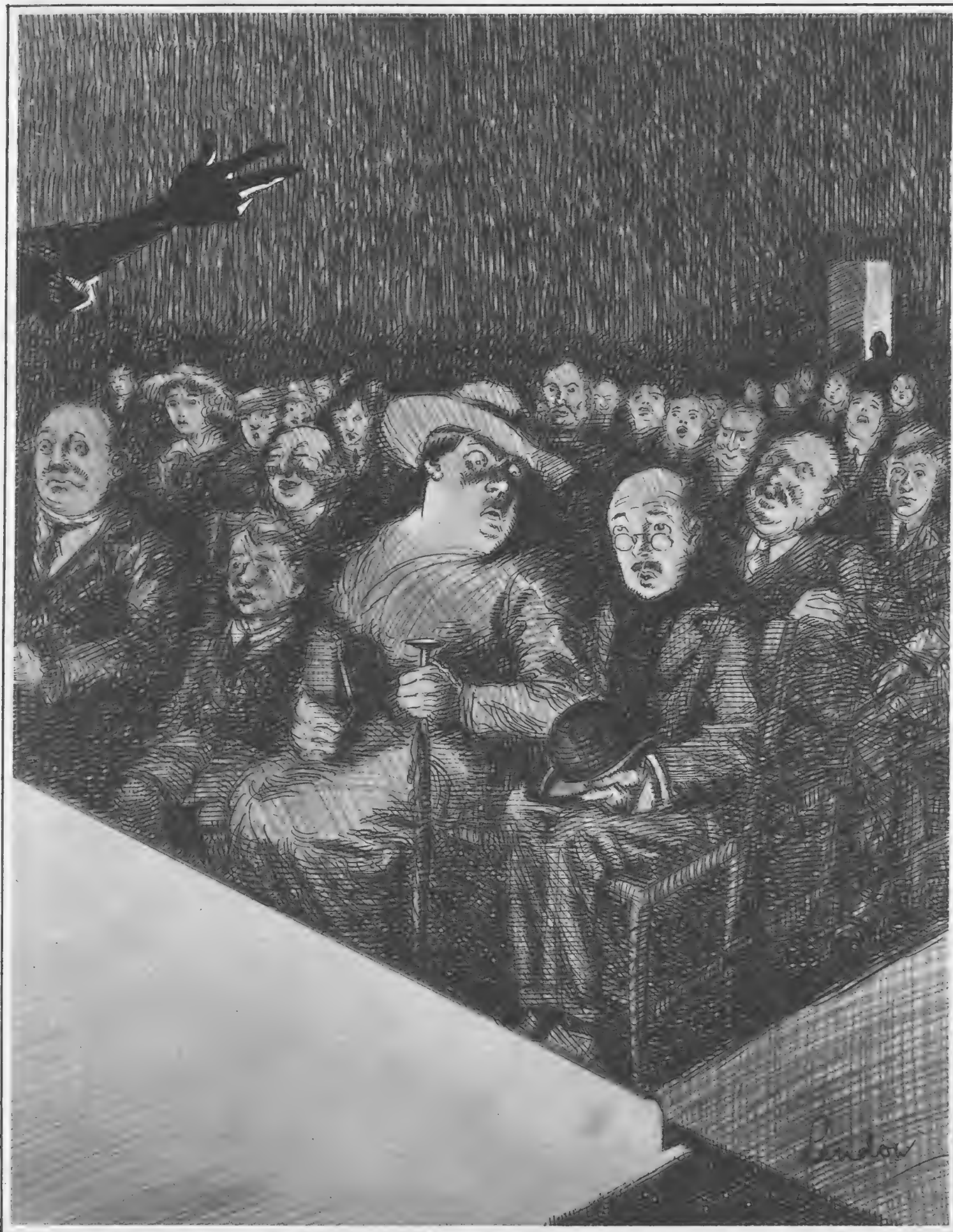


MR. A. W. BASKCOMB AS LOUISE IN
"THE BABES IN THE WOOD."

It should be noted that the opinion here given is purely editorial and entirely unprejudiced, and for the benefit of those who are not regular visitors to town, and have but a short time at their disposal. It must be emphasised that there are other entertainments well worth seeing. These include "A to Z"; "Clothes and the Woman"; London's

Grand Guignol; "The Golden Moth"; "Paddy the Next Best Thing"; "Thank You, Phillips"; "The Edge o' Beyond"; "Cairo"; "She Stoops to Conquer"; "Charley's Aunt"; "The Speckled Band"; and "When Knights Were Bold." It must be added that none of these "mentions" is paid for.

The Chance!



THE ILLUSIONIST: Will any lady in the audience enter this cabinet? I will then close the door;
and when I open it again, the lady will have disappeared, leaving no trace!

THE HAGGARD LITTLE MAN: My dear, won't you oblige the gentleman?

DRAWN BY LENDON.

Daughter-in-Law and Grandson of a Seventh Earl.



WITH THE HON. CHARLES AUGUSTUS GREY BENNET :
LADY OSSULSTON.

Lady Ossulston is the wife of Lord Ossulston, elder son of the seventh Earl of Tankerville, and the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Percy Mitchell. Her marriage took place in 1920, and she has a baby son, born last July,

who is shown with her in our photograph. He looks a very small person to be known as the Hon. Charles Augustus Grey Bennet! Lord Ossulston's father has a place in Northumberland, but his country seat is in Wales.

PHOTOGRAPH, EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH," BY LAFAYETTE.

A Family Study.



WITH THE LADIES VICTORIA AND MARGARET OGILVY: THE COUNTESS OF AIRLIE.

The Countess of Airlie is the wife of the seventh (de facto) and eleventh (but for the attainder) Earl of Airlie, and is the daughter of the third Earl of Leicester. She was married in 1917, and has two daughters—Lady Victoria Jean Marjorie Mabel Ogilvy, born in 1918; and Lady Margaret Helen Isla Marion Ogilvy, two years younger. The Ogilvys are one of the most ancient Scottish families, and figure largely in

history. Lord Airlie is descended from Sir James Ogilvy, K.B., Scottish Ambassador to Denmark in 1491, who was raised to the Peerage as Lord Ogilvy of Airlie. The earldom was created in 1639, and the attainder was a result of the Ogilvys' devotion to the Stuart cause. An Earl of Airlie fought at Culloden, and fled to France after the battle, where he commanded a regiment of foot. He was pardoned in 1771.

PHOTOGRAPH EXCLUSIVE TO "THE SKETCH";

By Marcus Adams, The Children's Studio, 43, D'Arny Street, E.C.



SOMEONE was saying to me that nowadays there is hardly any colour in life.

I gathered, after listening to him, that what he meant was not colour so much as individuality, and not so much individuality as manifestation of the bizarre, the odd, and perhaps of the "don't care what anyone thinks" spirit. I did not relate to him what I am now going to recount.

A Guards Champion.

There has just returned to England on holiday a young man who has done two years' planting in the East. Before that he was a Guards subaltern. He is a tremendous fellow, six-feet-five in height and well proportioned, and was always a fairly good all-round athlete. It was while he was in the Guards that he got keen on boxing. He entered a Guards' boxing tournament. It was found that he was not only big; he showed real boxing ability. He beat opponent after opponent, and at last found himself in the final.

Not even then, though his ring performances were causing a stir throughout the Brigade of Guards, did the young officer think it would interest his people to know that he stood a chance of winning a boxing championship. He had undergone no special training. No opponent had put a mark on him that would demand explanation to friends and relatives. So he just turned up for the final, met a worthy and mettlesome antagonist in a Scots Guards N.C.O. (a man with a boxing reputation), was, I believe, given the verdict on points, and because of his size and skill was considered by experienced judges to have a chance of going very far indeed if he took up boxing seriously.

The Second Meeting.

All this may sound not especially eventful. But there was a sequel. The N.C.O.—as I have said, a boxer with a reputation—was not satisfied that the officer was a better man than he. The officer heard of this, and sent round word that he should have a second chance.

You can imagine the interest and excitement over this further meeting; but the young officer still saw no reason for fuss. On the night of the fight he attended a dinner party, slipped away early, fought with such purpose that this time he knocked the N.C.O. out, and then got into evening clothes again and went to a dance. Surely my depressed friend would get a glow from such doings.

Since he has been away planting, the ex-officer has put on another stone or two; but he has been leading a hard, athletic life, and his friends say he would now be more formidable in the ring than ever.

Paris Trip for a Shave. And, of course, there are quaint phases of existence to be noted, even in these

modern commercial times. There is a barber in the West End whose job in life seems to be to make special railway journeys in order to shave Mr. Clarence Hatry, the financier.

Mr. Hatry is a very difficult subject for the razor. As this barber says, "his beard is so tough it is one of a thousand, of a million." So every day this man of the razor waits on the financier; and, as Mr. Hatry has frequently to be in Dundee, where he has interests in jute, the barber more than once has taken the night train to Scotland, done his job, and caught a forenoon train back to London. He has even made day trips to Paris for a similar purpose.

The Chance. I don't know whether she has heard this piece of family history, but Miss Mollie Kerr, who is doing so well in that fine play, "The Faithful Heart,"



ONE OF THE MOST POPULAR OF THE GILBERT AND SULLIVAN OPERAS:
"THE MIKADO," AT THE PRINCE'S.

"The Mikado" drew crowded houses throughout its fortnight's run. Our photograph shows a group of the members of the cast. The names, from left to right, are: Miss Helen Gilliland as Yum-Yum; Mr. Derek Oldham as Nanki Poo; Miss Bertha Lewis as Katisha; Mr. Henry A. Lytton as Ko-Ko; Mr. Darrell Fancourt as The Mikado; Miss Catherine Ferguson as Pitti Sing; Mr. Leo Sheffield as Pooh-Bah; and Miss Elsie Coram as Peep-Bo.

at the Comedy, owes her chance in a way to a mistake. Miss Mollie Kerr is the daughter of that most excellent actor and ripe man of the world, Mr. Fred Kerr. There is an elder sister who also acts, and, as might be expected from any daughter of Fred Kerr, she is charming, intelligent, and thoroughly well grounded in her craft.

When Mr. Leon M. Lion and Mr. Monckton Hoffe were casting "The Faithful Heart," Mr. Fred Kerr's elder daughter was mentioned. That very day the younger Miss Kerr was telling her father she would like to get a part in a West End play.

"Well," said Mr. Kerr encouragingly, "there's a new piece coming on at the Comedy. Write and ask if there's a part that would suit you."

Miss Mollie wrote at once. Mr. Leon M. Lion, up to his eyes in work, noticed the name Kerr in the letter, remembered the conversation of the day before, and told his secretary to ask the Miss Kerr of the letter to call. She got the part.

A Landru Story.

Landru, the French "Blue-beard," is certain to remain a figure. The man has qualities that compel interest; and not merely to lawyers and criminologists.

Mr. C. B. Cochran, who attended one or two sittings at the trial, went down one day with Landru's counsel. During the luncheon interval counsel went to see the prisoner; and this, as told to Cochran, was what transpired.

Landru appeared thoughtful, downcast, depressed. "To-day," he told his counsel, "listening to the evidence that has been given in court, I have felt very much upset. I have felt overcome with remorse."

Counsel looked round hurriedly to see if they were overheard. Remorse! Was Landru about to make a confession? Remorse! The evidence had been about women who had disappeared, and there had been learned disquisition as to the effect of burning upon human bones!

Counsel stared at Landru and waited.

Then Landru made his confession. "I feel remorse," he said slowly and impressively, "because—because I realise that during this time I was unfaithful to my dear wife."

Mr. St. Loe Strachey's Memoirs.

Mr. St. Loe Strachey, the celebrated

editor-proprietor of the *Spectator*, has lately been ill, but is now recovered, and doubtless has been spending part of his convalescence piecing together his Reminiscences. Mr. Strachey's memoirs, when they come to be published, cannot fail to be interesting, for he must have met most political and literary people worth knowing in his time, and I have no doubt he possesses correspondence from numbers of great men which alone would make his book worth reading. He was for years the medium through which

Lord Cromer expressed his opinions.

Mr. Strachey nearly always writes the first leading article in the *Spectator* himself, and I doubt if there is a more erudite man of his sort in the country. I say "writes." In reality Mr. Strachey almost invariably dictates his articles. Unlike some of the other stylists, he does not fear that dictating will make him diffuse and verbose.

Golf Tongs.

Those of us who play golf on inland greens know only too well that the unequalled summer drought has made great gaping rents in many a fairway. A cheery, irresponsible member of the Tooting Bec Club put the situation to me in a new way the other day.

"Do you know," he said, "that our committee thought seriously of giving silver tongs, instead of spoons, for medal prizes."

"Tongs!" I repeated wonderingly.

"Yes, tongs—to pick balls out of the cracks."

People of Panto-Land: Hippodrome "Leads."



Clarice
Mayne
as Jack



Kiddy Kennedy
as Sarah Jane



Clarice
Mayne
as Jack



George Robey
as Dame Trot

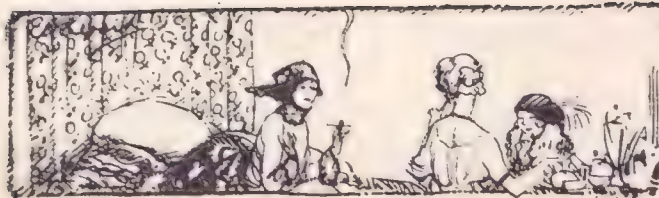


George Robey
as Dame Trot

IN "JACK AND THE BEANSTALK": DAME TROT, JACK, SARAH JANE, AND JESSIE.

Mr. George Robey is deliciously funny as Dame Trot in "Jack and the Beanstalk," at the Hippodrome, and is especially well assisted by the new little comedienne, Kiddy Kennedy, who has made a great hit in the pantomime as Sarah Jane, the Dame's Maid of All Work. Miss Clarice Mayne's Jack is all that a principal boy should be, and she dances and

acts the part with real "swagger" and gusto. Our page also shows Jessie, the Cow, who is a remarkable animal, portrayed by The Penders. Jessie is a great feature of the pantomime, and the audience can only regret that she was not able to swarm up the Beanstalk and get into the last part of the entertainment.—[Photographs by Stage Photo, Co.]



Tales with a sting.

SIX FOOLS: No. V.—THE HOROSCOPE MAN.

By G. B. STERN.

(Author of "Children of No Man's Land," etc.)

THROUGH the open window of Martin Sylvester's study a moth trembled in from the soft, plum-coloured dusk, and began to perform symbolical *clichés* round and round the lamp. But Sylvester, usually alert for such life-saving opportunities, was now too engrossed in a sheet of paper with strange markings upon it. It was his daughter's horoscope. His daughter was a week old.

Presently he lifted his eyes—and saw the dead moth. He looked thoughtful; then, seized by an idea, he leapt joyfully upstairs to his wife.

"We'll call her Moth," he said.

She protested hastily. "My Aunt Hannah—"

"Hannah? No."

"I like Jane, too," sighed Mary Sylvester.

"Moth!"

"But darling—why?"

He told her about the small filmy-winged creature who had dashed itself to death because he was too absorbed to save it. "I owe something to that small, quiet thing on the tablecloth downstairs," in a hushed voice.

"I'm not sure that calling our precious baby Moth will be much good to it," contended Mary, who was rosy and practical, whereas Martin, you will have grasped by now, was very nearly a Mystic!

He had retired early in life—too early, perhaps—to the country, so that he might be in harmony with nature (with three thousand a year to be in harmony on). His hobbies were horticulture and horoscopes. He took them very seriously—especially the latter.

"Just as well it's not a boy," whispered Mary to the nurse, while her husband brooded in hushed absorption over the cradle. "He had decided to call him Aldabaran!"

"Well, I never did!" sympathetically.

"Our own wee Moth shall be happily guarded from the flame," he broke out.

"Mary, I've drawn up her horoscope. I won't waste technical details on you, but the main thing to remember is that her first love affair will turn out disastrously. The ominous conjunctions of—never mind, I forgot your prejudices. But there's absolutely no doubt about it. So the first man who comes after her gets shown the door, quick. After that Venus is in the ascendant. How thankful we should be for these kindly star warnings. . . ."

"Your hair is like zabaglione," declared Moth's first lover.

Rupert Baxter was the author of two or three successful novels and one super-successful comedy. He was also unconspicuously successful in his career of a Civil Servant. His people were "good" county people. Rupert was handsome, athletic, and well educated. His manners towards the older generation could be summed up as charming diffidence mingled with sturdy independence. In short, any father with any daughter might have looked upon him as a Dream-come-true.

"What is zabaglione?" laughed Moth.

"A sort of whipped-up pale yellow foam served hot in a glass. I believe egg and wine are its secret inspirations. Moth, I love you—may I go to your father to-day?" For this was the third *matinée* performance of the proposal scene.

Moth was a picture of prettiness in doubt. "He's the kindest old lamb that ever lived, but he's mad where my—my admirers are concerned."

"Plural?" uneasily.

She let demure eyelids conceal her pleasure at his symptoms of jealousy. "There was a boy of fifteen when I was twelve—I developed photographs with him in the cellar, and he kissed me and gave me a ring. When I showed it to dad, he just turned purple, and said he would kick Laurie out of the house, and then suddenly softened—and I heard him walking up and down in his study, muttering, 'It doesn't count yet—this boy doesn't count.'"

"Has he a prejudice against marriage, do you think? Moth, why do you insist that I should be so punctilious about asking him? It isn't done nowadays, it isn't really. People run away, young, bold, adventurous people. They—Moth, let your father rip! Meet me in London and . . . won't you? Oh, all right, never mind; I didn't expect you to say yes." And because he had so definitely expected it, he flung away in a temper.

And Moth went home to question her mother, who, pressed for a reason as to "dad's queeriness," told her, in confidence, all about the horoscope.

So the next day, by strange accident, re-meeting Rupert in the same spot, she was able to enlighten him.

"Your horoscope? Surely he doesn't believe in all that tomfoolery?"

"He does! He does!" Moth was semi-doleful, semi-amused at the odd secret revealed to her. "He's for ever looking at the stars, and reading fusty old books about astrology, and going up to London to consult awful old wizardish people who live above corset-shops and have names always beginning with a 'Z.' If my horoscope says that my first love-affair will make me wretched, then he'll never, never consent to let me have anything to do with you. Oh, Rupert, why couldn't you be my second? He'll probably welcome my second affair with arms wide open and a bright smile."

"I'm sure my successor is very much to be congratulated," said Rupert sarcastically. He was not accustomed to being thought undesirable. Then the shadow over his dark brilliance was lit up by a swift idea.

"We'll get hold of a dummy first love affair!" he exclaimed.

Moth had a brain that responded nimbly.

"Will he—the dummy—have to make love to me—much?"

"Only when your father is anywhere about. I don't mind that," tolerantly. "Luckily, the old man has never noticed me much. But when the dummy has made his formal proposal, and your father has firmly got rid of him, in I step, after a decent interval, just about when Venus is in the ascendant, and he smiles beamingly upon me, and we all live happy ever after. Why, Moth, what's the matter?"

"I suppose—I suppose—there's nothing in horoscopes really—is there—do you think?"

She was drawing a long grass-blade slowly through her fingers. Baxter burst out laughing.

"I wonder," he mocked.

She was only half-satisfied. "It's making daddy look—an awful fool."

"So he is," was hastily suppressed as a tactless way of coaxing her. "Darling, isn't it better to curl ourselves adroitly and reassuringly round his absurd negative, than brutally ignore it and tell him it's all rubbish?"

"Well—perhaps. Who'll be the dummy, Rupert?"

"Oh, I'll send down a pal from London. . . . Tim Wake, he's a good-natured fellow, and I've done him several good turns, so he'll be glad enough most likely. He'll probably think it no end of a rag. He's an actor, too, usually out of a job, which will help him fake a convincing stormy passion for you."

"So"—after a couple of hours' further plotting—"good-bye, my own adorable little Moth, and you'll see me again a month or two after the fatal objection has been safely cleared away. Exit Jim Wake. Enter triumphantly Rupert Baxter. To all appearances second lover-of-Moth; in reality first and only lover-of-Moth. . . . Oh, Moth, how remarkably clever of me to have thought out such a flawless scheme!"

Tim the Dummy, the first man to pay conspicuous attentions to Moth, was inevitably established in Martin Sylvester's mind as the scoundrelly destroyer of his daughter's happiness, for whom his paternal solicitude had been for nineteen years on the watch. So that when Tim duly and according to programme went to him, and asked him if he might marry Moth, he was received with a curt and uncompromising negative.

"It'll be all right now for Rupert Baxter," said Tim, rejoining Moth in the herb garden. "Good-bye."

"Good-bye"—in a very small voice.

Tim burst out: "I'm not rich, or handsome, or successful, or even well dressed. Probably I'm the most ineligible man in England. I get cast for 'friend of hero' in touring comedies. My father was a lock-keeper on the Thames. I was sent down here specifically to be a dummy—and I've undummied, Moth, I've undummied—I love you!"

"And I love you, Tim."

"Not—not Baxter?"

"Rupert was a mistake," she whispered, in a mingled glow of shame and glory.

But it was she who first discovered that he had "done himself in" by his good-natured acquiescence to Baxter's undoubtedly brilliant (if not quite flawless) scheme. "Daddy's bound to think all his life that you're the horoscope man; even though Rupert is really. He'll never accept you for a son-in-law—never, because he'll imagine you were the first."

Tim whistled ruefully. "This is 'friend of hero' once too often."

"Never mind," cheerfully. "We'll run away."

The refined and virginal ghost of Mistress Prudence Carmichael, who occasionally hung about among the old-fashioned herbs, lavender, and thyme, and sweet marjoram, shuddered at this gross impropriety of a maiden who could not wait for her beau to suggest an elopement. It was just here by the sundial that Sir Edmund Gervase had forty-nine times pleaded his suit and been decorously repulsed. The fact that Mistress Prudence remained a spinster was only due to the fact that he had been too discouraged to plead it for the fiftieth time.

"No good explaining to your father, is it?"

"That three of us had combined to pull his astrological leg? He'd never forgive that, Tim."

"I hate elopements, and angry fathers, and family feuds—they're so theatrical," cried the actor desperately. "Damn Baxter—if he hadn't sent me down here—no, that won't do, because then I'd never have

(Continued on page xii.)



2.

FROM THE PAINTING BY S. LONGLEY.

The Mother of an Infant Baronet.



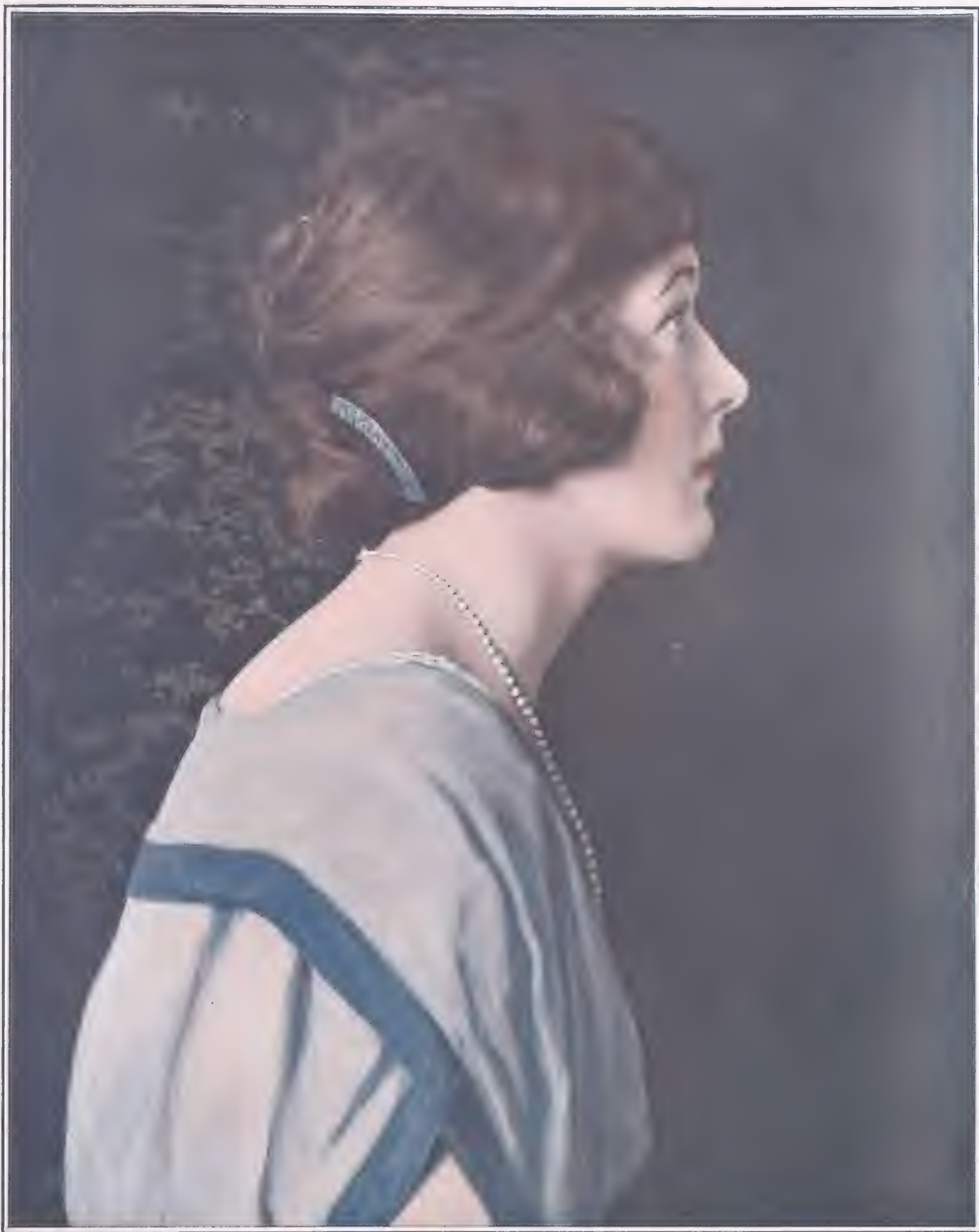
FORMERLY MISS MAUDE TURNER : LADY DYER.

Lady Dyer is the widow of Captain Sir John Swinnerton Dyer, M.C., Scots Guards, twelfth Baronet, who was killed in 1917, and the mother of the present holder of the title, Sir John Lodovick Swinnerton Dyer,

who was born in 1914, and is therefore technically an "infant." Lady Dyer is the daughter of Mr. W. H. Turner, of Western Australia, and is a very pretty woman. She has a flat in Park Lane.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEO KLIN.

To Marry a D.S.O.



ENGAGED TO COLONEL FRED MINCHIN, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C. : MISS BETTY SELBY-LOWNDES.

Miss Betty Selby-Lowndes is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Meyrick Selby-Lowndes, of Mursley Grange, Winslow, Bucks. She is engaged to Colonel Fred Minchin, C.B.E., D.S.O. (and bar), M.C., son of Major-General F. F. Minchin, C.B. Colonel Minchin served with the R.A.F. during the war.

Colour Photograph by Yevonde.

**This page is missing from the print copy used for digitization.
A replacement will be provided as soon as it becomes available.**





THE FIANCÉS : PRINCESS MARY AND VISCOUNT LASCELLES — THEIR LATEST PORTRAIT.

Photograph by Vandyk.

The Bare-Legged American Babes.



MARY AND DOUGLAS OF THE NEW OXFORD PANTO; THE DOLLY SISTERS.

The Dolly Sisters are dubbed Mary and Douglas in their panto parts as the Babes in the Wood, at the New Oxford; and Charlie and the Kid are sent to murder them—a task which is badly bungled. Rosie Dolly is Mary; Jenny Dolly plays Douglas. It may seem

strange to have American-born Babes—with bare legs, too, for one Dolly at least gives stockings “a miss”—but the fascinations of Rosie and Jenny are as powerful in pantomime as in revue. Our photographs show the Dollys after they have grown up in a night, by fairy magic.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

Maid Marion of the New Oxford.



APPEARING IN "THE BABES IN THE WOOD": MISS JOYCE BARBOUR.

Miss Joyce Barbour is appearing as Maid Marion to Miss Nellie Taylor's Robin Hood at the New Oxford, where the Dolly Sisters play the Babes. She is governess to the Babes in the panto story—although our photograph of her in the character does not look very serious!

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.

This Week's Studdy.



"HERE'S LUCK!"

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY G. E. STUDDY.

The New Oxford Dollys and Two of Their Toys.



MARY AND DOUGLAS OF "THE BABES IN THE WOOD": ROSIE AND JENNY DOLLY.

The Dolly Sisters wear some fascinating frocks as the Babes in Cochran's pantomime at the New Oxford. One of our colour pages shows them in the attractive dresses they wear with powdered hair; and on this page we illustrate the fur-trimmed tunics of velvet in which they appear in

the Marc Henri and Laverdet scene, "Where the Toys Come From," and the gorgeous gold-and-black velvet attire designed for the finale in the Babes' Castle. Inset are two of the amusing toys which form part of the fascinating Toy Ballet arranged by Stowitts.

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Ltd.



The Corner Shelf.

WE live (it is the delight of sub-editors and small boys) in an age of mystery.

If a stage beauty tediously disappears, her disappearance may be warranted to become (within ninety minutes of its being known in a newspaper office) a Mysterious Disappearance. If an over-tired and not particularly intelligent statesman delays for two days to make known his banal decision on a problem of minor importance, his delay is (before your tea has had time to get cold behind the morning paper) a Mysterious Delay. But of all mysteries, the darkest and most inexplicable is not the Mystery of the Enchanted Omnibus Ticket (*à la manière* de Mr. G. K. Chesterton), or—if we are to be seasonable—the Mystery of the Haunted Mince-Pie. No. But the darker, more eerie, less comprehensible riddle of the intelligence of publishers. Especially near Christmas-time.

Blessed is the Gift Book. You have probably heard, you may even have read of the

Christmas Gift Book. It is a queer annual phenomenon which darkens the lives of booksellers and those rarer souls who stray into bookshops with any other object than the furtive assimilation of their favourite author in the time-honoured pretence that they are looking for something Really Good to read. Of, in fact, the Reading Public itself. Because you cannot, at the present season, see the gentleman behind the counter for the mass of rejected Christmas gifts which linger superfluous on it. Even in January.

The Pictures. A queer hallucination, the belief that you render an unfamiliar modern or a too familiar classic readable—or, what is far more important to all concerned, saleable—by intercalating in some coloured pages a few mildly irrelevant designs by one of our more persevering illustrators. Mr. Charles Robinson and Mr. Gordon Browne and—but why enumerate the horses that also ran in this not excessively interesting event?—all of these ladies and gentlemen are adequately gifted. But somehow their pictorial interpolations in "Ten Tales from Grimm," or "The Christmas Carol" leave one (seasonably, perhaps) cold. They seem to fall, these winter picture-books, in a disastrous middle region between the pictures that are frankly pictures and the books that are ingenuously untearable. To fall, in fact, flat. And so they are still on hand.

Max Maximus! But there is one picture-book *de nos jours* which is all (let us be literary about it) a wonder and a wild desire. It is only a book of pictures. It lacks the meretricious attraction that you are getting a story or so thrown in. It lacks almost completely what publishers' travellers would describe (to the execration of its meticulous author) as letterpress! But it is a book of sheer pleasure. Even though we

have, most of us, seen nearly all the pictures before. Yet, because the pictures are by Mr. Max Beerbohm, and the book is a collection of his latest caricatures, your last sight of them was over the shoulders and between the elbows of a packed and tittering crowd, and you are (or you ought to be) duly grateful to his publisher for reminding you of all that you saw on that warm and overpopulated afternoon at the Leicester Galleries. Because so much of your conversation since then has consisted, unless you are one of the fortunate people for whom red stars are stuck on the frames, in an exhausting attempt



INDIAN DANCERS WITH ELECTRICALLY ILLUMINATED HEAD-DRESSES: SOME OF THE PERFORMERS IN THE ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE PRINCE OF WALES AT BIKANIR.

Photograph by C.N.

to recapture the shadowy patterns of those half-remembered drawings, and you will find in "A Survey" the means of reviving your summer-time enjoyment of fun poked elegantly at the Great and even (for there are still a few) the Good.

The Twisted Mirror.

You will find yourself for twenty minutes, every time that you take down the book, in the company of a distinguished mind that looks at London over a tight-lipped little smile and is perpetually saying in line



DANCERS BEFORE THE PRINCE: MEMBERS OF THE CORPS DE BALLET WHO ENTERTAINED HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS AT BIKANIR.—[Photograph by C.N.]

and colour, if one may quote his Dedication: "D., you're a fool; E., your character and motives won't bear looking into; I see through you, F." Courteous disrespect is the ideal mood of criticism, and it is the angle from which Mr. Beerbohm almost uniformly regards his contemporaries. Yet almost as interesting as the long list of Contents on which he has spitted his victims is it to compare that list with the picture-show itself, and to observe

which of his drawings Mr. Beerbohm felt to be impermanent, perhaps too irreverent. There was a stab at Mr. Kipling, a gentle depiction of Lord Lansdowne shopwalking Mr. Selfridge into Lansdowne House, two excellent evocations of Sir William Orpen and Mr. Augustus John, and a delightful reminiscence of the scuffle of Mr. Wells and Mr. Churchill which we should all have liked to see again. But Mr. Beerbohm knows—he always and unquestionably knows—best. That, at any rate, in spite of its omissions, is what publishers' announcements delight to call *The Gift Book* of 1921. And 1922. After that, it becomes a rarity, and second-hand booksellers offer it to you at a slight premium. Until it goes out of print.

Ghosts.

That is one form of seasonable, wintry literature (since Mr. Beerbohm's drawings are literature as well as art). The other form, the old, old form is the Tale of Mystery itself. And that comes to us in an admirably eerie wrapper from Mr. Amyas Northcote. His book contains thirteen stories. The arithmetic is ominous, and one would observe that for the price and style of the book the publisher might have seen his way to give us twenty-six, which should be quite (if not twice) as unlucky, and bears a more reasonable relation to the purchasing power of the Georgian shilling. That, however, is not Mr. Northcote's fault. His contribution to our pleasure consists of these faintly supernatural tales, which are almost uniformly guiltless of any thrill. One has tried reading them in the half-darkness of an eighteenth-century room between tea and dinner, when the shadows begin to stir uneasily in the big black corners. And still no thrill. In some of them our author has disabled himself by adopting the familiar and dismally undramatic personae "Miss H." and "Dr. B."

You remember dear old B., of course. The fellow who always used to ring for D. (good, faithful D.) and order his trap for the long, dark drive to W., where the nearest chemist's used to be until they brought the branch line to Z. It is quite impossible to extract any particular thrill from the strange adventure of the Van C.s, or the queer visitation of D. Hall; and it is unfortunate that the writer chose to run his little fancies with this handicap, since five of his thirteen stories are weighted with this alphabetical boredom. A pity. Because although Mr. Northcote seems to lack the power to terrify one, he has a certain accomplishment in drawing people and mild social details which he might turn to

better account in the more normal paths of fiction.

'Ware Were-wolf.

In such a sphere he could escape from the dismal jargon of the ghost story which dooms him to observe of a wicked antiquary that "Eton and Oxford claimed him, and at the latter seat of learning he became imbued with a passion for antiquarian research," and to ring down the curtain

[Continued overleaf]

"I Have Only Myself to Blame . . ."



PRINCESS ANTOINE BIBESCO, MRS. ASQUITH'S DAUGHTER, WHO HAS PUBLISHED A VOLUME OF SHORT STORIES.

Princess Antoine Bibesco is the latest member of the Asquith family to take to print. She has not, however, followed in her mother's footsteps and produced anything autobiographical, although the fact that her volume is entitled, "I Have Only Myself to Blame . . ." might lead to this supposition. The book consists of a collection of short stories,

which show a considerable amount of technical skill in the difficult art of short-story writing, and are not only modern, as might have been expected from a member of the brilliant Asquith clan, but extremely clever and intriguing tales. This fine Hoppé portrait is one of the photographic studies on view at the Goupil Gallery during this month.

Photograph by Hoppé.

THE CORNER SHELF.

(Continued.)

on a deceased lady who ran as a side-line a quite promising career as a werewolf, with the metallic click of the *cliché*: "It was daylight when he regained his senses. He glanced towards the bed. Mrs. Fowke lay there calm, beautiful, and dead." The event



IN TRAINING FOR HER CAREER AS DANCER: MISS EVELYN COLYER AS A "RUSSIAN BALLET" LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER.

Miss Evelyn Colyer takes the part of Rose in "Alice in Wonderland." She will be remembered as one of the young "Russian Ballet" school of leaping lawn-tennis players.

Photograph by S. and G.

must have been an especial disappointment to Mr. F., since he was aching (if he was half the man that one takes him for) to ask his noctivagous wife how in the world she managed, as a well-conducted werewolf, to let him hear "its hoofs tap on the bare floor as it passed." But she died, and on his lips, as he wound himself in widower's weeds, died with her the frivolous inquiry that he had been planning all night long about the cloven pad.

Miss Clemence Dane's "An Invention."

And that about finishes what one may call the literature that is in season. Unless, of course, you are prepared to be very old-fashioned indeed, and remind yourself of pantomimes dead and gone by reading a Book of the Words. Not, indeed, by Mr. George R. Sims. Or even by Mr. Arthur Collins. But heralded by all the trumpets of intellectual London, and written (not to say invented) by Miss

Clemence Dane. Poetic drama is always, one feels, a forlorn hope. But when the charge is led by a gifted lady whose previous experience of letters is limited to their orderly arrangement in strictly contemporary prose, the attack on the Castle of Success is even more hopeless than usual, however loud the band may play and however vigorously the drums may boom. "Will Shakespeare" is an undistinguished performance for a writer whom we were growing to think of as an established institution. It might do as a prize poem by a young lady who had imperfectly digested the Elizabethans and regurgitated them in *pastiche* upon her preceptors, and then it might win admiration as a *tour de force*. Some of its metaphors are quite admirable in their authentic flavour of the period. But it is dull reading, and much of the verse is thoroughly undistinguished. There is in Shakespeare a Melancholy Dane. Time, if it is not impolite to say so, has his revenges and has reversed the parts.

Printed Plays. Not that plays in general are bad reading. Because one has spent many a worse quarter-hour over an ill-composed novel than one gets in the company of a sound printed play. Our dramatists—all of them, that is to say, who are anything more than mere librettists—ought by all means to be encouraged to disinter their masterpieces from the sepulchre of Scrip where they would otherwise repose until the Last Trump is sounded and the last log is rolled. The public which takes a novel to bed with it would be vastly intrigued by the prospect of two hundred pages of fiction by Mr. Shaw. But it remains strangely cold to the blandishments of his collected volumes of drama. Odd. And a pity. Because a printed play is a skeleton novel.

The Poetess. So one must not be too stern about Miss Dane's slip in the chilly regions of blank verse drama. In case one discourages her from printing her other plays. Her verse, quite frankly, we can do without. She is not a poetess, and only the incitements of ambition or feminist friends who told her that a Woman

was Equal to Anything can be responsible for her evident illusion that she is one with the Browning, Sappho, and Sitwell families. One does not, you know, become a bard to order. They do not send round the bays from the florist's in response to a 'phone order. And it is not enough to apply oneself to the confection of Elizabethan tropes to become an Elizabethan poet. Miss Dane's last is the criticism of life in prose. And it is



LAWN-TENNIS PLAYER AS STAGE-DANCER: MISS COLYER IN "ALICE IN WONDERLAND," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

When Miss Colyer first appeared in tournament circles, her athletic leaps and bounds à la Suzanne Lenglen created a mild sensation. Was her secret that she was practising for her future career as dancer?—(Photograph by C. N.)

a last to which she would be wise to adhere. Then we shall be able to enjoy some more of her real work. And a little less mas-

querading in borrowed, Elizabethan fancy dress. One had thought as one listened to the piece, that it might read better than it acted. But no. Or hardly at all. Even in spite of the mutilation of all verse by what are called Competent Actors. And Actresses as well—all except Miss Moyna Macgill. It is sad, school-prize stuff, full of high intentions and evidences of midnight oil spent over Elizabethan dramatists. But it rarely comes to life. Such, oh, such a pity. But Miss Dane should be told so. Because the function of criticism is—to criticise. And not, as so many seem to feel, to advertise.



A LITERARY ROMANCE: MISS FRYN TENNYSON JESSE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO CAPTAIN H. M. HARWOOD WAS ANNOUNCED LAST WEEK.

The announcement that Miss Fryn Tennyson Jesse had been married for two years to Captain H. M. Harwood was made last week, and created much interest. Miss Tennyson Jesse is the well-known novelist and author of "Secret Bread," "The Milky Way," "The White Riband," and other successful books. She collaborated with Captain H. M. Harwood, the well-known playwright, and author of "A Grain of Mustard Seed," in the play "Billeted," one of the 1917 successes; and also in the adaptation of "The Hotel Mouse" from the French.—(Photograph by Yevonde.)

A Survey. By Max Beerbohm (Heinemann; 25s. net.)

In Ghostly Company. By Anne Northcote. (Lane; 7s. 6d. net.)

Will Shakespeare: An Invention. By Clemence Dane. (Heinemann; 6s. net.)



Reville LTD

COURT DRESSMAKERS.

Winter Sale Now in Progress



15, Hanover Square, London, W.1

The Lights of Paris.

SOME of us have a past; some of us—especially at this season of the year—have presents; and others—notably Mme. de Têlème at Paris—have a future before them. The future that the prophetess has before her is not her own, but is that of the world in general. I have been reading all about the coming year in the French journals—not content with the evils of the day—and, without wishing to appear unduly boastful, I rather fancy I could do as well in the seer business myself. Believe me, I am not parodying these predictions. Quite calmly and with the utmost simplicity, Mme. de Têlème tells us that during the early months of the year there will be cold days, some rain, and even floodings.

Oh, My Prophetic Soul! That for the weather; but when she passes on to deal with economic conditions we must all become interested—even Mr. Lloyd George in his Riviera retreat. (Did ever anyone take so many busmen's holidays? When he is in Scotland he deals with Ireland, and when he is in France he deals with Germany.) Economic conditions will remain, she informs us, *pénibles*. I had almost guessed as much. There may be attacks by robbers on the railways. Exactly as in 1921. There will be a better understanding with England, but there will be difficulties with Germany. *Diable!*

Venus up to Tricks. There will be administrative reforms, but the feminine staffs will not be satisfied. "Why?" you will ask; and the feminine staffs in Government offices in England may well echo, "Why?" It appears that the reason is that the moon is *affligée*. I suspect that the moon is often *affligée*. Here is an explanation of the dissatisfaction of womenkind in general, and wives and telephone girls in particular. But worse follows. We are to suffer from a crisis of immorality! This arises from the fact that Venus finds herself in a *signe pernicieux* that Mars governs. When the heavenly bodies go wrong, it is only to be expected that terrestrial mortals will behave badly.

Moulin Rouge Merriment. I sincerely hope that the opening of the famous Moulin Rouge, where folly used to reign, is not a confirmation of this latter unhappy prediction. Certainly these early days show that it is possible to be gay without being licentious. Indeed, what must have struck all visitors who knew the celebrated dancing establishment in the old days was its decorous character. Firmin Gémier marshalled the *figurants* rather too well. The fun was according to programme. Still, in spite of the over-official regulation of the amusement, there was no lack of merriment.

Vivandières and Sans-Culottes. No one was allowed into the Moulin Rouge (whose illuminated sails are again turning on the hills of Montmartre) who was not in costume. The proper costume was one which was reminiscent of the Revolution. The swords of the Generals were sometimes rusty, and the red tunics, the striped trousers—just as in "Madame Sans-Gêne" when Mistinguett plays—were a trifle creased. There were hosts of pretty *vivandières* and

dainty *blanchisseuses* and elegant Duchesses in finery and flounces. The *sans-culottes* were innumerable, but perhaps the most interesting *sans-culotte* was the scantily clad Spirit of Democracy.

Mannequin as Marianne. She looked cheerful enough, although she was about to fall a victim to the guillotine—the guillotine is the latest Paris toy, both in the ball-rooms and in the theatres. She knew, of course, that she would be rescued by the glittering white-robed Goddess of Reason. Naturally, there was a jury formed to select the prettiest Parisienne, and, again naturally, M. André de Fouquières was the President. The girl who is the Marianne of the new République of Mont-



THE LATEST SLEEPING PRINCESS AT THE ALHAMBRA: MME. TREFILOVA.

Princess Aurora, the leading rôle in "The Sleeping Princess," at the Alhambra, has been played by several *premières danseuses*, as it is a very strenuous part, and cannot be undertaken by the same artist for any length of time. The latest Princess is Mme. Trefilova, who has made a big success in the part.—[Photograph by Hana.]

martre is a mannequin. Among the chief figures at this fête were those of such artists as Willette, Poulbot, Forain, and the Alsatian Hansi.

Cocaine on the Stage. But if the fun at the Moulin Rouge is innocent enough, some of the critics are complaining of the introduction of a new vice on the stage at the Théâtre de Paris, where M. Henry Bataille has just produced the most-talked-of piece of the season—"La Possession." He shows us how cocaine is taken. Personally, I do not understand why so much fuss should be made of this particular incident. There have assuredly been much more shocking scenes on the boards. Nevertheless, the play as a whole is rather unsavoury. M. Bataille has accustomed his audiences to strong stuff, and apparently he is now condemned to heighten the flavour every time.



A Pretty World!

The story, told in a few lines, concerns the selling of a young girl to an old duke, and the intrusion of her lover, determined to prevent the sacrifice. The two young people fly away to Nice. They live by gambling—or, rather, the *amant* so supposes. In reality, the money is the price of the girl's infidelity. It is the son of the old duke who pays for this luxury. The *dénouement* is the suicide of the *amant* when he learns the truth. A pretty world, is it not? M. Bataille is undoubtedly wrong to employ his wonderful talent to such purpose.

Intense Acting. But the interpretation is remarkable. There is no doubt that Yvonne de Bray is one of the most remarkable actresses now playing in the French capital. The physical effort alone is tremendous. Those who saw her in "La Tendresse" did not believe it possible that she could support such an intense rôle for many months; but the part of Jessie in "La Possession" is truly formidable. This feverish, ardent character imposes, I should say, a greater strain than any that has yet been seen in Paris.

Yvonne de Bray's Dresses.

Madame, of course, was particularly interested in the dresses of Yvonne de Bray. There was one of *crêpe ivoire*, with Russian embroidery of blue and silver and red medallions from the corsage to the hem. There was a cape of geranium-coloured *duvetyn*, which was much admired. Again Madame tells me that the rose-coloured robe of *crêpe satin*, with lace-work enhanced by stactites of white jet, is admirable. The large wing-like sleeves which are now so fashionable are worn with a dress of grey gauze. The tunic, mediæval in style, shows the foundation of silver cloth. She has the reputation of being the best-dressed woman on the stage, and even in my humble judgment she deserves it.

"The Beggar's Opera."

Still, it is a relief to turn from this high-pitched and unpleasant emotion to the delightful "Beggar's Opera." Yes, we have "The Beggar's Opera" in Paris now. What is more, it is in English. It would have been difficult to get the spirit of this excellent entertainment into French—and why try? There are surely enough people who understand English to make the charming piece welcome here. It has been put on in a little theatre in the Rue Caumartin, which in future, I understand, is to be entirely devoted to foreign plays and foreign players. This is a perfect framework. In a bigger *cadre* much of the delicacy would have been lost.

Consecrating Talent.

Mr. Andrew Shanks has, I believe, been gratified by the eulogiums of the Paris critics for his playing of the part of the gentleman of the road, Macheath. I would like to mention the whole of the cast which is responsible for bringing a bit of old English life to the most cosmopolitan of cities.

SISLEY HUDDLESTON.

Waring & Gillow's Great January Sale

IN ALL DEPARTMENTS
January 2-21. Now proceeding.

TYPICAL SPECIMENS OF THE BARGAINS OFFERED.

LINENS

1,000 pairs strong plain Cotton Sheets, hemmed and thoroughly recommended for hard wear. For single beds. Size 68 ins. by 3 yds.

21/9 per pair. Reduced to 12/9

450 pairs Hemstitched Longcloth Sheets, laundered ready for use. Size 72 ins. by 3 yds.

27/6 per pair. Reduced to 18/9

Size 90 ins. by 3 yds.

33/9 per pair. Reduced to 23/6

500 Irish Embroidered Cotton Bedspreads, size about

72 ins. by 90 ins.

35/6 each. Reduced to 21/6

80 ins. by 100 ins.

39/6 each. Reduced to 25/6

90 ins. by 100 ins.

42/- each. Reduced to 27/6

100 ins. by 108 ins.

47/6 each. Reduced to 31/6

300 Indian Printed Bedspreads in assorted designs and colours.

2 by 3 yards. To clear, 8/11 each

2 1/2 " 3 " " " 12/9 "

3 " 3 " " " 15/9 "

100 doz. Hemstitched Cotton Pillow Cases. Size 20 ins. by 30 ins.

3/11 each. Reduced to 2/3

FABRICS

650 yards Fancy Indian Net, Ivory shade, 50 ins. wide.

3/3 per yard. Reduced to 1/6 1/2

150 pairs only White Mosquito Net

Curtains, Lace Borders, 3 yards long.

29/6 per pair. Reduced to 14/9

2,500 yards White Mosquito Net,

50 in. wide.

2/9 per yard. Reduced to 1/4 1/2

1,500 yards White Mosquito Net,

72 in. wide.

3/6 per yard. Reduced to 1/9 1/2

1,200 yards Spot Filet Net, Ivory

shade, 46 in. wide.

2/9 per yard. Reduced to 1/4 1/2

25 pairs Real Linen Lace Filet Net

Curtains, double borders.

£8 : 8 : 0 pair. Reduced to £4 : 4 : 0

750 single, soiled and sample pairs.

All makes, half price.

4,000 yards only 31 in. Shadow

Tissue on light and dark grounds.

5/11 per yard. Reduced to 2/11 1/2

10,000 yards 50 in. Printed

Linen and Tissue in beautiful

designs, mostly block ptd. by hand.

Originally per yard

7/11 9/11 11/9 13/9 15/9

Reduced to

3/11 4/11 5/11 6/11 7/11

CARPETS

SAXONY YARN CARPETS in Turkey Design and Colouring.

These Carpets have been made up in various sizes from the balance of a very large quantity of this grade of Carpet which was made for abroad. It should be particularly interesting to Hotel Proprietors, Restaurant Keepers, and anyone requiring fine hard-wearing Carpets at astounding bargain prices.

574 13 ft. 3 in. by 8 ft. 6 in.

£34 0/0 Reduced to £17 : 0 : 0

592 13 ft. 4 in. by 10 ft. 7 in.

£43/10/0 Reduced to £22 : 15 : 0

571 13 ft. 5 in. by 11 ft. 10 in.

£42/15/0 Reduced to £25 : 0 : 0

588 13 ft. 8 in. by 10 ft. 9 in.

£47/5/0 Reduced to £24 : 0 : 0

577 13 ft. 9 in. by 10 ft. 3 in.

£42/10/0 Reduced to £21 : 5 : 0

569 13 ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 8 in.

£50/0/0 Reduced to £25 : 0 : 0

573 13 ft. 9 in. by 11 ft. 10 in.

£49/5/0 Reduced to £25 : 0 : 0

In many cases there is only one carpet of each size, and they are offered subject to being unsold according to each day's sales.

2,800 yards of Plain

Moquette Carpeting

15/9 per yard. Reduced to 8/11

2,000 yards of Plain

Saxony Pile Carpet

19/6 per yard. Reduced to 12/9

BEDSTEADS AND BEDDING

3 ft. Oak Bedstead, finished a rich Jacobean shade, with moulded panel in head and foot end and fitted with iron frame.

£6 : 2 : 6 Reduced to £4 : 15 : 0

B. 616. One pair 3 ft. 3 ins. Oak

Stamp Foot End Bedsteads, fitted

with wood sides.

£22 10/- ea. Reduced to £12 : 12 : 0

DOWN PILLOWS.

Size 18 ins. by 26 ins.

25/6 Reduced to 17/-

Size 19 ins. by 29 ins.

28/6 Reduced to 19/9

Size 21 ins. by 31 ins.

32/6 Reduced to 24/3

Size 24 ins. by 30 ins.

35/- Reduced to 27/3

Size 26 ins. by 26 ins.

38/6 Reduced to 29/9

3 ft. Feather Bolsters.

18/6 Reduced to 13/-

4 ft. 6 ins. Feather Bolsters.

28/6 Reduced to 19/6

A limited quantity of shop-soiled

Bedding in all sizes and qualities to

be cleared at 50 % reduction.

SILVER

36 Plated Waiters, slightly damaged, shell pattern, 8 ins. diameter.

30/6 Reduced to 15/-

10 ins. diameter.

45/6 Reduced to 22/6

120 Velvet and Satin lined cases of

6 Silver-plated Tea Spoons.

16/6 Reduced to 11/6

30 Plated Decanter Stands.

30/6 Reduced to 15/-

60 Plated Sauce Boats, 1/2-pint size.

42/- Reduced to 25/-

250 only 11 in. Oblong Entree

Dish and Cover (with side handles),

" Empire design," Silver plated on

hard Nickel Silver. 50/-

Cannot be repeated.

FURNITURE

5 ft. Oak Bedroom Suite, comprising:—5 ft. Wardrobe, fitted for

hanging with 2 drawers under,

mirror fitted to centre door;

3 ft. 6 ins. Dressing Chest with 2

long and 2 short drawers, upper

part fitted swing mirror and jewel

drawer; 3 ft. 6 ins. Washstand with

marble top and white tiled back,

towel rails at sides, usual cupboard

below; 2 Cane Seat Chairs.

£45 : 0 : 0 Reduced to £35 : 0 : 0

4 ft. Oak Sideboard, with bevelled

plate mirror to back, lower part

fitted 2 drawers with large cupboard

under, Jacobean finish.

£19 : 19 : 0 Reduced to £14 : 14 : 0

SANITARY

Whiteware Wall Lavatory Basins,

size 25 ins. by 12 ins., nickel plated

taps, plug and chain waste, com-

plete with brackets.

£3 : 17 : 6 ea. Reduced to £3 : 0 : 0

Whiteware Lavatory Basin on frame

and brackets, 1/2-in. nickel plated

taps, nickel plated chain and waste

with union and rubber plug.

£4 : 18 : 6 ea. Reduced to £4 : 4 : 0

White Enamel Cork-seated Chairs

for Bathroom.

£1 : 10 : 0 ea. Reduced to £1 : 6 : 0

Compo Cork Mats, from 6/6 upwards

Plated Expanding Trays to fit over

Bath for soap, sponge and brush.

£1 : 16 : 6 ea. Reduced to £1 : 11 : 0

CHINA & GLASS

No. 21. Dinner Service. Finest

Staffordshire Ware. A charming

reproduction of 16th century Gothic

design, 1 in. band in beautiful

bright colours, green edge.

52 pieces.

£6 : 15 : 6 Reduced to £5 : 10 : 9

67 pieces.

£9 : 13 : 0 Reduced to £7 : 17 : 6

101 pieces.

£15 : 17 : 6 Reduced to £12 : 19 : 6

Sample Plate 2/6 post free.

No. 20. Glass Jugs. 1 1/2-inch cut

band, star bottom.

1 Pint. 5/6 Reduced to 4/3

1 1/2 Pint. 7/- Reduced to 5/-

2 Pint. 9/- Reduced to 5/9

WARING & GILLOW

Furnishers & Decorators to H.M. the King.

LTD

Telephone:
MUSEUM 5000

164-180 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W. 1

Telegrams:
"WARISON, LONDON."

SIMILAR BARGAINS at our MANCHESTER and LIVERPOOL BRANCHES:

Deansgate, MANCHESTER, and Bold Street, LIVERPOOL.



GOSSIP FROM THE HUNTING WORLD.



In "Beaufortshire." Bushton has been a lucky meet this season, and on the Friday before Christmas Lord Worcester brought off a red-letter day from there with his bitch pack. It was tremendous fun, and he killed his fox after an hour and ten minutes "as hard as they could go," then had another topping gallop into the Cricklade country, to ground at Salthrop.

There was no end of grief in both hunts, and the competition was pretty keen, especially with a little race-riding contingent from our neighbours, the V. W. H.—including Ivor and Owen Anthony and Bert Gordon, all riding one against the other, and "without prejudice" against any of the ducal pack's representatives who entered the lists. Men went down like ninepins all in a row at some of the stiff fences in the Bushton Vale; but the fun really warmed up in the last hunt, when the brethren, thanks to tired horses, seemed impartially to be trying to get each other, or anybody else down, but, in the process, bit the dust themselves, like the lady of Spain, "not once, but again and again."

A "Thrusting" Field.

Before the war, things were a bit slack in this country, and it seemed full of elderly people who rode about through gates and gaps, whilst a very few really "went." But all that is changed, and there is no lack of new blood and young blood, so that it is quite a thrusting field. Lord Worcester goes the best; Captain Shedden, from Malmesbury, is not to be defeated over a country, and is a very fine horseman to boot—as good at getting along over a stiff country on a rough ride as at cutting out the work on a fizzing hunter. Of the heavy-weights, Leonard Taylor is worth keeping an eye on if you want to see a hunt. Captain and Mrs. Mather-Jackson take a bit of beating. The little lady, who rides astride, displays a horsemanship that was often admired at the Dublin Show when, as Flossie Garth, she rode in the jumping. Her stepfather, Hubert Hartigan, is often out, too, and is very much on the ride. The Spicer brothers, Ralph and Frank, both in the 12th Lancers; the Harrisses from Bowden Hill, the elder in the 9th Lancers, the younger in the "Royals"; Major "Bill" Miles, another of the "Royals"; and Bobby Vivian, of the "Blues," are a contingent of hard-riding local soldiers. Captain Trevor Horn, one of the Cavalry School instructors, goes along nicely, and handles a horse to rights.

Veterans with the Zest of Youth.

Beaufortshire can boast of its veterans, its hunting parsons, its hard-riding ladies, and at least one child who would be hard to beat in any country. Of the first section, Bill Harford is still holding his own over a country with men thirty years his junior, though, like many

other people, he doesn't hunt as often as of yore—not because he feels "anno domini," but because he has not so many horses. Another veteran, Colonel Haydon, of Maidford, must be nigh unto fourscore years, yet rides young, hot, buck-jumping horses, and takes on fences with the zest of youth. Colonel Archie Miles also suffers from a shortage of horses, but is as fond of timber as ever, and enjoys a good ride as much as anyone.

The end of the year meets **The Cottesmore.** were not particularly interesting, most of them being on the outskirts of the country. I suppose we shall get some of the best meets in the New Year.

The Cottesmore clings to tradition in some ways, perhaps, more than the neighbouring packs, and it is rare to see large numbers of people out whose faces are unfamiliar.

From Holywell we went into Lord Exeter's woods, where in the spring wild lilies-of-the-valley abound. Lord Exeter appeared in the afternoon, although he more usually hunts with the Fitzwilliam.

over the fields lying round about Oakham, Brounston, Cold Overton, and Brook. Amongst those out was the Master's wife—driving, as she always does; Lady Ancaster, who came over from Grimsthorpe; Mr. "Jimmy" Montagu, who has recently re-entered the ranks of the wedded; and Mr. Owen Smith, who only comes out at the beginning and end of the weeks. He is generally away for the "weak-inside," as a foreign acquaintance of mine once described the middle of the week.

The Duke of Buccleuch's Hunt.

Still nice open weather. The hounds met at Mellerstain last week, where the Earl of Haddington and his sister, Lady Helen Baillie-Hamilton, are keeping house together this season. Lady Binning prefers her other place in Scotland—Tynningham, not very far from North Berwick. It is on a lovely bit of coast and a favourite haunt of picnic parties. They had quite a nice hunt from there, though it is a bad place to get away from, owing to the very large woods all round it.

Saturday was quite spoilt by a tearing wind, and most people were glad to get home early. There was a large gathering, as there usually is in the Saturday country; Riddell was the rendezvous, quite one of the prettiest meets in the county. Major Mark Sprot, who was in the Greys, lives there. He is one of the best riders in the hill country; I have seen him gallop full bat with a loose rein down the steepest, roughest hills possible, which one would gladly crawl down; but he and his horses seem to enjoy them. Several of his family were mounted on ponies and donkeys, one little girl looking particularly sweet—a study in browns on her nice brown donkey.

Last Friday we had our annual Cricket Club Concert at St. Boswells.

The Earl of Dalkeith was in the chair, and made a nice little speech. He is a very keen cricketer and a good bat, and the club is much looking forward to his help now that he has settled at Eildon Hall. They have been most fortunate in having Captain the Hon. F. Montgomerie to play for them the last two seasons; he was captain of the club this last year and made some very good scores. He and his wife are living at Bemersyde just now. They both hunt, and she is well known on her favourite hunter, Rip, a fine big chestnut, and winner of several prizes in the show ring, where he is well shown off by his owner, who never looks better than in the saddle.

The Lauderdale Hunt.

These hounds belong to Colonel Alexander Mitchell of Monksford, and the kennels are close to St. Boswells. They hunt over three counties—Roxburghshire, Berwickshire, and Midlothian—and it is a stiff country in parts, and takes a good man and a good horse to get over it.

The hunt gave a ball a few nights ago for

(Continued on page 31.)



PRINCESS MARY; VISCOUNT LASCELLES; THE DUKE OF YORK; AND PRINCE HENRY OUT WITH THE WEST NORFOLK.

Princess Mary, accompanied by her brothers, the Duke of York and Prince Henry, and her fiancé, Viscount Lascelles, was out with the West Norfolk on Boxing Day, when hounds met at Tittleshall. Lord Lascelles is on the extreme left of the photograph; the Duke of York and Princess Mary in the centre; and Prince Henry on the right. He is shaking hands with a friend as she curtsies to him.

Photograph by S. and G.

Seaton was a frost, and although many of us went to the meet, hounds went home. I was glad to see Mr. Lowther out once more. He arrived in a huge Daimler. There were several falls that week, but, mercifully, nothing serious.

Mrs. Crawford, whose husband commanded the 3rd Coldstreams for some time during the war, is hunting from Burrough. She goes remarkably well, and has a good eye for country.

The Bank Holiday Meet.

Oakham saw a large crowd on Bank Holiday, though the majority of them were, as usual, foot people. This is a very old fixture, and is looked forward to with much excitement by everybody. I am afraid many must have been disappointed who, in anticipating events, had walked to Burley Wood, which covert it is customary to draw on Boxing Day.

Oakham Pastures was, however, drawn instead, when a large fox was found with incredible if not mystifying promptness. He was a good 'un, and gave us a jolly gallop

BUCHANAN'S SCOTCH WHISKY



"STILL WATCHERS"

"BLACK & WHITE"

THE LARGEST STOCKS OF OLD MATURED SCOTCH MALT WHISKY ARE HELD BY JAMES BUCHANAN AND CO., LTD., AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES, WHICH ENABLES THEM TO MAINTAIN THEIR PRE-WAR STANDARD OF AGE AND QUALITY.



Through a Glass Lightly.



CONSIDERING all things, the best thing that can be said of 1921 is that it isn't.

Regarding 1922—

Here's hoping 'twill be kind to you.
To say nothing of the Hoper.

In the course of the next few days some benighted ass will surely say to you, "Ah well, the evenings are drawing out, aren't they?" Agree with him and "catch a train" or something, or he will as surely start off with, "I remember it was about this time last year when—"

The Main Chance.

Three Hebrew brothers owned shops next to each other. They were all in the same line—second-hand-clothes buyers and sellers. Between them there existed a true racial and commercial rivalry. The one at the north end of the trio of shops called in a sign-painter and said that he wanted the largest sign in the East End. It was to cover the entire frontage of his premises, and in big, bold letters was to be painted the legend, "Isaacs—the great second-hand-clothes dealer." The work was duly accomplished and the sign fixed up. This inspired the brother on the south end of the trio, and he sent for the same sign-painter, gave him a similar order, but stipulated that instead of the word "great," he must put "greatest." This sign was soon affixed. For a few days the centre party of the brotherhood was at a loss. Then he sent for the same sign-painter, who suggested that a third sign of a similar nature was required. "No; not similar," said the enterprising member of the family, "not similar except in size. I vont you to painta for me a beeg, beeg sign, and on it, in the beegest letters you can paint, I vont jest three words: 'Isaacs' Main Entrance. Then you vill put that up over my door."

And he did.

New Year Irresolutions.

I'm going to work eight hours every day.

I'll answer all letters on the day of receipt.

I'll go to bed before twelve every night.

I'm going to keep (or, at least, start) a diary.

A man's best love is his first.
A woman's best love is her last—
which means latest, inferring,
of course, present.

The woman who makes two—or more—men love her at the same time is considered clever. The man who loves more than one woman at the same time is judged a—well, it's an unkind name. Why?

A nigger cinema manager in a Southern town was boasting to his coloured brethren in the local

hostelry that he attributed his success to a cutting-down policy that had now culminated in his getting rid of the box-office clerk. "Yep," he concluded, "Ah jess gibs out de tickets maself an' runs round to de odder door and collec's 'em maself." One of his audience declared this to be

impossible. "Yo thay dat yo gibth ticketh an' runth round an' collec'th 'em yothelf. Why, Jo, dat'th jeth plain impothible," said the disputing one. "Oh no, 'tain't impossible a-tall. Cos de folk wot attends ma house comes in so darn slow."

Drummed Out!

An Englishman had just arrived in the States. Not knowing the customs, he sat aloof in the lounge, declining to join in the conversation being conducted by a gathering of "drummers," known in this country as commercial travellers. The drummers compared their day's "doings." One vaunted the selling of so many hundred thousand turnscraws. Another was proud of the fact that he had that day clinched a deal of a couple of million in oil. Yet another had done so well in one day's business in Christmas show cards for next year that he intended to cross the "Pond" and "hev a li'l 'oliday in Yurup." And with that avowal, he turned to the Englishman and said, "Say, feller me lad, you seem to have the shape and cut of a Limo. Do you, by any chance, happen to come from across the Pond?" Reluctantly, the aloof Briton admitted that he did and, in answer to a further question, confessed it was his first trip. "Business?" asked the American. "Oh, yes," said the Englishman. "May I ask what kind of business?" from the questioner. "My own." That little bit of laconic Englishness put the questioner to silence for a few moments. But prolonged silence to a drummer is impossible, so he fired another: "Yah; 'spec' so," he drawled, "but what line?" The proud Englishman moved to the door and, as he went, languidly announced, "Well, 's matter of fact I heard so much of this place during the latter part of the jolly old war that I thought I'd come and look it over, with a view to buying it." Whereupon the party broke up.

In the "Carte." Like most people at the beginning of this glorious year, I have a friend who is as hard up as the rest of us. This little dialogue will explain the reason for his present confounded state. "By Jove," he exclaimed at our last meeting, "you know, old chap, I'm devilishly unpopular at home. Being hard up I can stand—after all, that's my affair. But this beastly unpopularity at home beats me." Consoling, and with a touch of the cheap adviser, I suggested that perhaps he was unpopular because he didn't get home for his meals. To which he gloomily and shruggingly replied: "Au contraire!"

The woman with heart and no brains is pathetic. The woman with brains and no heart is annoying. The woman with both is a sheer impossibility.

A maiden in Welsh Aberystwith Stole flour from the mill to make grist with.

But the miller said: "May, For that flour you must pay."

And united the lips that they kissed with. SPFX



KATINKA OF THE CHAUVE-SOURIS:
MME. KARABANOVA AT HOME.

The Chauve-Souris Company is now in Manchester. M. Balieff hopes to return to London in April, when he will present a new programme made up of one of Moussorgsky's operas and smaller items, one of which will be a scene of English life.

Photograph by Sydney J. Loeb.



TO CONDUCT THE LARGEST LADIES' ORCHESTRA IN THE WORLD:
MISS MARGARET HOLLOWAY.

Miss Margaret Holloway, the well-known conductor and violinist, made her first appearance at a concert in Birmingham when she was five years of age! She subsequently studied in Petrograd under Professor Leopold Auer, and gave a number of successful concerts in Russia and Finland. On the outbreak of war she returned to England, and for the last four years has been conductor and solo violinist of the famous Ladies' Orchestra at the Maison Lyons in Oxford Street. Later, she is to conduct the largest Ladies' Orchestra in the world, at another, and new, house belonging to the same firm.—(Photograph by Suraine.)

The Eiderscutum Coat



By Appointment to H.M.
the King and to H.R.H.
the Prince of Wales.

NOW IS THE TIME
to snuggle into the soft
and cosy folds of an
EIDERSCUTUM
wrap—to feel the
pleasurable sensation
of its warmth without
weight

EIDERSCUTUM
is
Feather-light
Furry-warm
Fleecy-soft
PURE NEW WOOL



An Aquascutum "true-to-life"
illustration—model posed in
D.B. Rutland Coat.

Eiderscutum D.B. Rutland

With modish yet roomy inset sleeves.
Straight hanging back with half-attached
belt. Adjustable collar. Long, shapely,
soft roll lapel comes by fastening to
centre button. Sleeves and shoulders
lined Silk or Satin.

Price £10 10 0

Single-breasted style, £9 9 0

Eiderscutum Coats sent on
approbation against remittance
or London Trade Reference.
Mention of "The Sketch" will
bring catalogue and patterns by
return of post. Agents in prin-
cipal Towns.

AQUASCUTUM, LTD.,

Sole Makers of the pure new wool and weather-
proof Aquascutum Coat (renowned since 1851).

100, REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

Miss
Marie Novello
Wearing a—
Condor Hat

A
Sensible
Resolution
for 1922.—

Look for the
head-tip—

Condor Hat

The Hall Mark
Style & Finish

WHOLESALE ONLY.

J. & K. CONNOR, LTD.
44-46 BARBICAN
LONDON E.C.

Address of Nearest Retailer furnished on request.

ARBUTHNOT

Motor Dicta. By Gerald Biss.



CERTAINLY the Ministry of Transport is meeting motorists in the meanest possible way at every turn, because it knows that it has them set, and can afford for the present to disregard their wriggings. And I do think that the most unkindest and meanest cut of all—such an irritating, pettifogging little one—is the decision that the rebate in the tax upon old motor-cars is to remain in force in 1922 exactly as in 1921. Of course, this means that a rebate will only be allowed upon cars with engines made before 1913. It was generally understood, if not actually promised, that the date would be automatically advanced a year, bringing within this slight concession cars with 1913 engines, and so on each year as long as this vile and illogical system of extortion rather than taxation prevail against all economic principles. Stingy, isn't it? But it is all upon a par with the whole way in which the game has *not* been played from first to last.

More Muddles.

This meddlesome, muddlesome Ministry has just had a nasty slap in the face from Mr. Justice McCardie, in the King's Bench Division, in giving an obviously unwilling decision enforced by the letter of the law. It would seem that the drafters

person "keeping and using" the vehicle. So, whereas the person keeping and using a car or a lorry on the hire purchase system does not become the actual owner in law until completion of payments, under the new licensing system he is treated as the actual owner, and is supplied with the registration book, which is rightly the property of the owner in law! Is it not a clever piece of work, and another feather in the cap of bureaucracy? Mr. Justice McCardie, though deciding against the plaintiffs, said that they had done a great public service in bringing the action, and expressed the hope that, when future regulations were being made, the authorities would remember the actualities of industrial and commercial life. The Judge could hardly have been more biting—but what is to be the outcome of this gorgeous muddle?

The Riddle of the Registration Book.

Will it be the death-knell of the registration book and all its complications? The Motor Legislation Committee is pressing for it, asserting that the objections originally offered to the institution of the registration book as part of the machinery of registration and licensing have been fully borne out in practice, and that the book is vexatious and a hindrance to

Unjust Stewards.

I trust that I am not stingy; and especially at this Yulish time of the year I think there is nothing more delightful than presents for everyone within bounds of reason and finance. But some folk, I must confess, are too open-handed and free for me altogether, and apparently find themselves carried off their feet, and even out of their moral depth, in their spasms of generosity. One reprehensible whole-hog donor was advertising recently in one of the dailies as follows: "Chauffeurs.—A present given on every order for tyres and accessories." Splendid fellow not to desire to keep all the good things of this world to himself; and, if only I could trace the name and address of this super-philanthropist, I would gladly give him all the publicity he might not desire. I wonder if he has ever read the parable of the Unjust Steward, or heard of a nice little immoral proverb of purloining from Peter to pay Paul, or of that legal dead letter, the Secret Commissions Act? To my mind, it is a very great pity for the financial morals of this disgruntled little old island of ours that it was ever allowed to lapse. Can it not be revived and stringently applied? Motorists must realise that it is they who pay in the end for these generous gifts to their own chauffeurs. Perhaps they would prefer to give them direct!

The World on Wheels.

Too late for Christmas giving, this New Year promises to produce a book of the greatest value to all motorists, and everyone else interested in the history of transport from B.C. many thousands of years, down to 1922—from pre-historic push-carts and chariots down to the last word in limousines. It is the result of many years' work on the part of H. O. Duncan, one of the real pioneers of automobilism, who has come right through from the early cycle days, and writes first-hand of all modern developments. He has called it "The World on Wheels," and it will be published at two guineas to subscribers, from 3, Rue Scribe, Paris; but no guarantee can be given as to the price to non-subscribers after publication. Judging from the preliminary synopsis and the present price of books, it is extraordinary value for money.



ON BROOKLANDS TRACK FOR A SPEED TEST—72·38 MILES AN HOUR! THE 40-50-H.P. SIX-CYLINDER NAPIER WHICH RECENTLY MADE A SUCCESSFUL R.A.C. TRIAL OVER THE ALPS.

The 40-50-h.p. six-cylinder Napier attained the wonderful speed of 72·38 m.p.h. on Brooklands track when its speed test was taken. It recently made a successful R.A.C. trial over the Alps. It is a splendid achievement in absolutely standard model cars.

of this mean Ministry's charter either overlooked or had never heard of such a recognised method of trading as the hire purchase system; and the covering regulation enjoins that the registration book be issued to the "owner," who is specifically defined as the

the motor-user and to the motor trade. Further, that it is unsound in principle and unworkable in practice as representing in any sense of the word a document of title to a motor vehicle. Finally, in its opinion, the book is unnecessary as regards registration

To ensure
a natural and
healthy COMPLEXION

ladies should regularly drink BARLEY WATER, because, by warding off indigestion and purifying the blood, it helps to build up the healthy tissue which is the basis of all skin beauty. It is imperative, however, that the Barley Water should be properly made from

Robinson's
"PATENT" **Barley**
(in powder form)

according to the under-
mentioned recipe:—

RECIPE

by a famous Chef (Mr. H. HAMMOND, M.C.A., Chef de Cuisine, Thatched House Club).—Put the outside peel of two lemons into two quarts of water, add eight lumps of sugar and boil for ten minutes. To this add two dessert-spoonfuls of Robinson's "Patent" Barley, previously mixed to a smooth paste with a little cold water. Continue to boil for five minutes and allow to cool. When cold, strain off through fine muslin and add ice and lemon juice to taste.



J. & J. COLMAN, LTD., LONDON and NORWICH
(with which is incorporated Keen, Robinson & Co., Ltd., London.)

ROWE
SAILOR
SUITS

(Maker of Sailor Suits
to H.M. The Queen).

IN fine White Tropical Drill for Weddings and Party wear. A stouter shrunk Drill for general wear—correct to Admiralty specifications.

The Suit complete with all accessories except Cap.

38/-

Post Paid.

Cash refunded if not approved.

Write for Illustrated List No. 94.

WM ROWE & CO., LTD

78 High Street,
GOSPORT.

106, New Bond Street,
LONDON, W.1



BY APPOINTMENT TO
H.M. KING GEORGE V.



**FINEST OLD
TAWNY
PORT**

AN EXCELLENT SPECIMEN
OF OLD LIGHT PORT

6/6

SHIPPED, BOTTLED & GUARANTEED BY

W & A Gilbey

THE SIGNATURE THAT GUARANTEES
QUALITY, PURITY & VALUE.



Photo. Wakefields, Ltd.

A LURE FOR THE PASSER-BY: A BLACK-AND-WHITE MAISON LYONS WINDOW.

London shops are making an extra effort to lure the passer-by during the festive season, and their windows are everywhere blossoming out in beautiful and original designs. What are the best windows in the West End? A representative, sent out on a tour of inspection and comparison, has fixed upon those of the Maison Lyons, Oxford Street.



Photo. Wakefields, Ltd.

WINDOW-DRESSING AN ART: A GREEN-AND-PURPLE
MAISON LYONS WINDOW.

The windows on this page and the one facing it are in striking contrast: that on the left is black and white in scheme, while its neighbour is a symphony in green and purple. All the decorations, including the charming figures of Pierrot and Pierrette, are the work of Messrs. Lyons' experts, and the tout ensemble is a triumph of the window-dresser's art.



About the Sales.

The sales are in full swing. Perhaps it is scarcely necessary to mention anything so obvious. Haven't we all seen the flocks of women hurrying to the various "establishments" with that look of eager expectancy that suggests the secret hope of bargains to be obtained before the other woman gets in? Believe me, it's not often realisation comes up to expectation in such a completely satisfactory way as happens this year. Preliminary saunterings through the various houses have disclosed a determination to cut prices regardless of the possible feelings of the original buyers. On every hand there are evidences of a disposition to meet the needs of the customer; and the woman with only a very limited sum at her disposal won't have cause to complain that the "bargain" is only to the owner of an unlimited purse.



To show that pyjamas may be things of beauty, Marshall and Snelgrove made this striped silk model.

Coming Down. The manager of an important drapery store confided his view that prices in the New Year are bound to come down. "So there's no use keeping expensive stock," he added; "there will only be a loss to record in the long run." And his determination to sell at all costs was reflected in the quite absurdly low figures marked on the sale tickets affixed to the stock in the house of which he had control.



One aspect of the tea-gown. Marshall and Snelgrove made this particular model in copper-colored velvet and radium lace to match.

The Value of Method.

Of course, there is not the smallest use going sale-shopping in a haphazard sort of way. That way lies extravagance and disappointment. The prices in many cases are so low that any woman might be excused for buying some particular garment on the score that it will "come in useful some time." But that is not the most satisfactory way to do sale-shopping. The seasoned campaigner never attempts to do anything of the kind. She has a list of all her wants cut and dried, and sets about working through it in the most methodical way. That, in the long run, is the most satisfactory course, and the person who

pursues it is not likely to come home loaded with things that, however good in themselves, are not of the kind for which she can find an immediate use. Buying in haste indiscriminately is sure to lead to repentance at leisure, and that is not at all the sort of feeling that those who promote the sales wish to create. Very many of the sales continue throughout the month, so there is really no excuse for the woman who, at the end of January, finds herself lamenting missed opportunities.

A Notable Sale.

To come to particulars, there is the sale at Marshall and Snelgrove's, in Oxford Street, W. It began on Jan. 2, and continues for four weeks, and as the reductions embrace all the varied departments of the house, every woman can make certain of getting what she wants at prices very considerably below those ruling in ordinary times. These are days when every woman, or at any rate almost every woman, finds herself impelled to practise thrift, so it's good to know of a blue crêpe-de-Chine slip lavishly embroidered in bronze beads and priced at 5½ guineas. Such a slip makes a new dress of an old frock—further comment is unnecessary! Velvet house coats and velvet jumpers for dinner are other good things worth remembering; and a black satin coat with Chinese blue embroidery is the kind of model for which every woman can find a use.



A blue crêpe-de-Chine tunic slip embroidered in bronze beads, and a black satin blouse coat with Chinese blue embroideries are two of the good things in Marshall and Snelgrove's sale.

About Tea-Gowns.

Tea-gowns, or at any rate one tea-gown, forms part of every woman's ward-robe, though it's only in sale time that one can expect to buy a lovely model in copper-coloured chiffon velvet and radium lace for 8½ guineas. Some plainer models are two guineas less; and if it's a lace frock you are wanting, 98s. 6d. will buy you one in cream dentelle with a silk sash; 78s. 6d. being all that is necessary to make you the owner of a delightful picture dance dress in crisp taffeta. Japanese quilted dressing gowns from 39s. 6d.; special zenana models trimmed with swansdown at 89s. 6d.; and gowns in flannel Delhi at 18s. 9d. are other things of which careful note should be made.

Those Seductive Undies.

Lingerie is always fascinating, and at Marshall's in sale time the particular department devoted to underclothes is almost irresistible. Think of crêpe-de-Chine camiknicks (useful and economical garments, remember), from 25s. 9d.; Princess petticoats in Jap silk trimmed with Mechlin lace, at

21s. 9d.; and fine white lawn and linen sets at greatly reduced prices. Egyptian cotton models start at 14s. 9d., these being piped in a contrasting colour, and finished with a hand-embroidered design (it is enough, isn't it, to make one forget economy resolutions right away?), and pyjama suits and other good things are reduced on a correspondingly generous scale. Ten thousand yards of rich French silk at exactly half price, the fact that remnant days are Thursdays, and that the jolliest winter sports things are considerably reduced, ought to help the slothful to make up their minds.

Short and Sweet.

The side-head appropriately sums up the character of the sale at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street, W. It began on January 2, it lasts for two weeks, and there are far-reaching reductions in every department. There is no catalogue, either; but send an order by post and it gets the most careful attention.

Very Striking. It is almost invidious to make comparisons or enter into particulars, but perhaps the most striking reductions are those effected in the coat-and-skirt department. Here there are literally hundreds of models from which a customer may make a selection, and the country and town dweller are equally well provided for. The sizes vary very considerably, so that's good news; and tweed suits from £2, gabardine models from £3, and many others well under half price are amongst the good things awaiting a wider sphere of usefulness.

The Sketch.

The sketch shows a suit of scarlet perline, the skirt of which opens over the narrowest of black glacé silk panels. The coat is loose and cut out at the waist to show an underlining of black glacé, black embroidery and seal coney fur doing their bit towards toning down the gaiety of a very smart suit. Brushed wool suits bound with artificial silk braid in the same colour, and priced at three guineas, will appeal strongly to the winter sports-woman interested in skating; and the bargain-seeker will find plenty of opportunities of enlarging upon the information contained on this page if she cares to pay a personal visit.



A French model suit in red perline, with black embroidery and seal musquash, is one of the bargains in the sale at Peter Robinson's.

[Continued overleaf.]